

# VITA SCHOLAE

1989













CATHERINE HANDLEY

Editor-in-Chief

JEAN WESCOTT

Business Manager

---

# VITA SCHOLAE

---

## THE GIRLS' LATIN SCHOOL OF CHICAGO

59 Scott Street  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SENIOR AND LITERARY NUMBER

June, 1939

## DEDICATION

To Miss Singleton, for her willing help,  
thoughtful advice, and her enthusiastic  
encouragemet in all our Senior projects,  
we dedicate this year book.









SIDNEY PAGE MEEKER  
President of the Senior Class



April 24, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Miss Turner

Props: Betty Bennett  
Muriel MacChesney

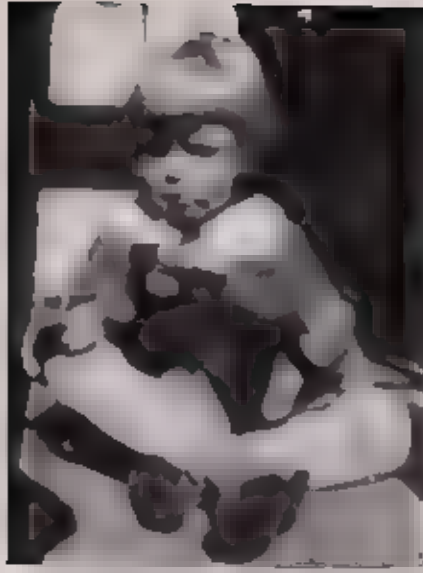
Breathless with haste and her heavy raccoon coat, Sid rushes up the Senior aisle, reaches the seat and flops down. "I didn't do a bit of work last night. I was so tired that I went to bed at nine", she pants to anyone who looks interested. "I can do my physics in my study-period, I guess, and my English at recess, then I can read my history at lunch." Having thus filled every spare moment of to-day with yesterday's chores, she drapes the raccoon coat over her chair, and scrambles to her feet, just in time to join in the reading of the morning psalm. Does she or does she not carry out her plans? We don't know, but results point to the affirmative.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Class meeting! Class meeting!" shouts Sidney in the hall, tapping various Seniors on the shoulder. When all are finally gathered in, Sidney seats herself on the teacher's desk, skirts above knees, a la actress photographed on ship's rail, and commences with many motions of head and hands to explain why we are met. "You see, girls, I just have to tell you, I have the most wonderful idea for the class prophecy" . . . Sid has only to explain it. The approval is instantaneous and unanimous. "Why, Sid, I think that's great", we chorus. Says Sidney, "I think it's rather good myself", and laughs.

◆ ◆ ◆

Locker room five minutes after basketball practice. The Juniors, in various states of undress, lean exhausted against lockers and walls. Their conversation: "I'm simply dead!" . . . "You were lucky, Sidney was guarding me. I couldn't break away once" . . . "I'm getting stiff already." "Gee, that was fun!" At the sound of the dissenting voice the Juniors' weary heads lift with one accord. Sidney dances into the room. Saluting feebly with a shoe, someone says, "Nice playing today, Sidney." "Why, thank you!", bows Sidney, quick to burlesque anything. "But it was nothing really. There was I, with my dimples flashing, galloping down the court, my arms flailing like twin windmills. My forward kept gaining. I stumbled. Recovered myself. And then in a last burst of energy—and then, why the whistle blew! . . . Bye", and Sidney dances out again. "To think," comments a Junior sardonically, "that any Senior loves basketball enough to come back for practice on her free day!"



March 6, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Mlle. Mutrux  
 Props: Angie Johnson  
 Frances Connell



JACKIE AAGAARD  
 Vice-President of the Senior Class

As the recess bell rings, Jackie lifts herself from her seat by placing her hands on her desk and pushing. She eases out to the hall to get milk and crackers, then returns to drape herself carefully on a radiator in the back of the Senior row. She is joined by a classmate who is just popping with the choicest bit of gossip. Jackie drops the cap of her milk bottle behind the radiator, stirs the milk vigorously with the straw, and is now prepared to listen with undivided, if somewhat mild, attention. When the class-mate has completed her spier, Jackie taps the crumbs from her graham cracker with a long-nailed finger, as one would tap the ash from a cigarette, clears her throat laborously, and gives forth a non-committal, 'You don't say?'



As Jackie patiently waits for one o'clock, and her French luncheon, she industriously cleans her long fingernails with a bent paper clip she has picked up in some morning recitation. On the hour she puts her coat on to insure warmth downstairs and betakes herself to the first floor. Well surely Jackie joins the group at the French table and is enthusiastically greeted both by her friends and the teacher. From then on the Luncheon is a great success. At least Jackie and Mlle. Mutrux chat fluently and happily, to judge by their frequent bursts of laughter, while Eggy's less articulate companions concentrate silently on cream-chipped beef and baked potatoes. In a way it is only fitting that Jackie should be our French star, it would be a shame to confine such a good conversationalist to one language.





**JEAN WESCOTT**  
Business Manager of Vita Scholae



July 28, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Miss Schaub  
Props: Barbara McNulty  
Ruth Ann Bennett

Jean, proven by many of Miss Price's strange tests to be the most agile of the decrepit Seniors, hurries herself and her partner through the mazes of a country dance. With the belt of her blue gym suit tied below her hips in a manner reminiscent of the flapper era, convulsed with laughter, she treads on the heels of the other dancers. One stern word from Miss Price and the Wescott face is pulled to its greatest length, the lips are pulled down tremblingly at the corners, in a vain effort to appear solemn.



At the first dress-rehearsal of the Senior play, Jean appears in the locker-room, now a temporary dressing room, with a large box tucked under her arm. Swiftly she removes her uniform, and then, to the mystification of a lad, draws from the box, one small satin pillow, two bath towels and several dozen safety pins. She then proceeds to pad herself in all directions. When all is complete, Jean gives her pillow a resounding thwack and stumbles up the stairs to the gym, flicking a lace hanky to create a breeze.



In French class, Jean sits slouched down in her seat, her feet beating a silent tattoo on the rungs of the chair in front. Looking carefully to see if Mademoiselle Mutrux is occupied in her book or blackboard, demure Jean furtively gives the underside of the wicker-bottomed chair in front of her a swift kick. The victim, suppressing a yelp of surprise, turns with full intentions of giving Jean a withering look, but no withering look comes. It can't come for the sight of Jean grinning like the Cheshire cat and bouncing with inward laughter, dispels any thought of anger.





July 30, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Mrs. Truman  
 Props: Ann Faherty  
 China Bob Ibsen



ROSALIE STURGES BOYDEN

Little Rosalie, affectionately dubbed Rolly by her mothering classmates, can be seen almost any day in the halls dodging the flying elbows and the insecure pries of books so dangerous to one her size. Her fly-away curls, topped by a brilliant ribbon, bob gayly up and down as she valiantly fights her way through the crowded halls to her classes. Once there she subsides into her accustomed seat and sighs with relief, amazed that she has completed another of those long and hazardous journeys.



Rosalie is entertaining today, and the class, as her guests, are extremely pleased for it is understood that when Rosalie entertains, it actually means entertainment for all, except perhaps for the hostess herself, who puts in an amazing amount of unobtrusive work. First of all, she insures her success with wonderful food. To the uninitiated food may not sound important, but for a crowd of perpetually famished school-girls, it is the great essential. And not only does Rolly have good food, but in some odd way she seems to be able to smell an emptying plate ten feet away, and as she refills it with potato chips, hot rolls, and the like, she somehow conveys the impression that far from being fattening, they are positively thinning.

But Rosalie's amazing gift is her ability to get on with anybody. Even the greatest problems from the girls who can never find anything to say to those who insist on talking too loudly and too tactlessly, find themselves chatting happily with little Rolly.

There is really nothing that can fill us with so much satisfaction both with ourselves and our classmates, as one of Miss Boyden's entertainments.



There is a tremendous clatter and from the distance a chunky child approaches. On closer inspection, however, it turns out to be merely Rolly engulfed in her raccoon coat and sporting her wooden shoes. Once in study hall Rolly emerges from the coat and prepares to take off her head bandanna. At this motion there is a moment's ceasing of all Senior activity, as we wait with breathless interest to see how Rolly is wearing her hair today. She is our means of keeping up with the latest styles, and she never lets us down. No matter how amazing a coiffure is sprung upon us in the social world, we of the Senior Class can always patronizingly remark, "O yes, I've seen that before."



RUTH CLARK



May 9, 1922

Lantern Bearer: Miss Jarrett

Props: Mary Stark  
Rosalind Stark

Assembly. Concluding words of speaker. Miss Singleton's gracious "Thank-you". And then no chord of music for dismissal! Miss Harbison rushes over to the Seniors and sends a mouth message to a blonde girl already bustling with expectation. Clambering over countless knees Ruth rubbing her hands to warm them and mumbling "I'm not prepared. Why does Miss Harbison have to ask ME?" arrives at the piano. She sits down and forthwith runs off a little Beethoven—expertly, at that.



'G.r.s!', Ruth dashes into study hall, something wonderful has happened! "The Seniors, always eager to hear about anything interesting, chorus, "What?"

"My cow has just won second prize in the stock show!"

'Is that all?' incredulously ask the Seniors. They shudder and turn back to their history, muttering, "That's what comes of wanting to be a farmer." Seconds later Sidney forgiving Ruth and slightly penitent, inquires, "Was it a pretty ribbon?"

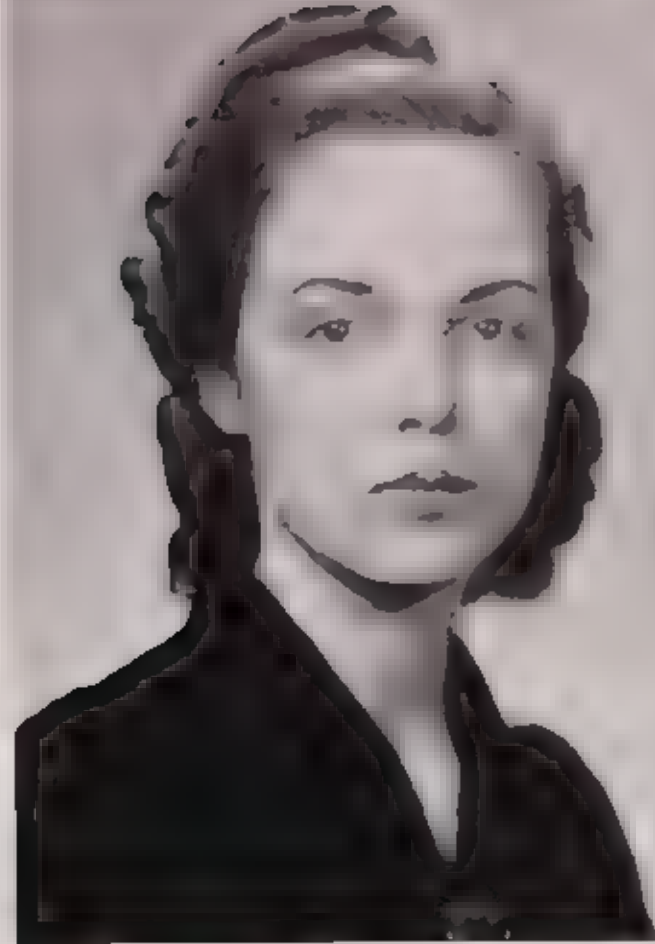


Phases in car-owning. First week: Ruth terrorizes Near North Side residents as she lurches into Scott Street trying to recall how to shift gears. Second week: Ruth hits preacher on Outer Drive. He forgoes Golden Rule and sues for damages. Third week: Ruth discovers leak in the gas tank, calls garage and finds a minor miracle has prevented the car from blowing up. A year later Ruth and car, both quieter, spend most of their time transporting the Seniors to prospective advertisers.



July 29, 1922

Lantern Bearer: Miss Stedman  
 Props: Edith Dato  
 Tannisse Twyman



LUCILE COOLIDGE

Miss Singleton stands before the high school, in her arms two weighty volumes. And I'm happy to give to Lucile Coolidge *The Decline and Fall of the Holy Roman Empire*, the book she has asked for as winner of the Time Magazine Contest. A gasp of surprise escapes the audience and terminates in *Decline and Fall*. "What a book to ask for! You don't suppose she's going to read it?" Curious eyes follow the slender, haze-eyed girl as she goes to get her prize. Is it true that Lucile knows Greek and Hebrew? Does she really spend hours in a dimly-lighted church playing Bach on the organ? Did she learn about Indians through spending a summer on an Indian Reservation?

◆ ◆ ◆

Glancing into the library one sees what seems to be a rehearsal of the death scene from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. An excited group of Freshmen bend over the couch. Various comments float up from them. . . . "Boy, I bet she had to put the moon to bed when she got home last night." . . . "She looks sort of pale to me. Maybe we should do something?" . . . "Let's tickle her with a feather and make her sneeze." Blissfully unaware of their interest Lucile sleeps on her head gently nodding over Plato's *Republic*. The feather is applied. She sneezes, awakens, misses her cue and so forgets to say "Where am I?" to the sea of upturned faces. Instead she sizes up the situation by rubbing her nose and letting out a long W E L L. Then she very firmly puts down Plato and strolls toward the lighter Mr. Leacock.



**NANCY DAVIS**  
Judge

Nancy's social perfection is a constant source of amazement. She is invariably becoming and suitably dressed. She can talk and even better listen intelligently to anyone from her little kindergarten partner of the Halloween party to the grandmother of one of her friends. Even in the seventh grade when we first began to mingle with the male of the species, Nancy was completely poised. While the rest of us huddled self-consciously on one side of the room, casting surreptitious glances at the men, aged thirteen, opposite us, Nancy actually crossed the yawning emptiness separating the two groups and serenely began a conversation—with a boy.



The cast of "First Lady" has straggled in for rehearsal. In one corner of the gym two or three girls are desperately trying to learn their lines, but in the other corner, Nancy, with by far the longest role, is perched gaily on top of the radiator, apparently telling a grand story to judge by the vigorous gestures and the hilarity of her appreciative classmates. The group has broken up, Miss Magowan having pleaded at length with her uproarious cast. For the moment Nancy is not alone. She sits on the gym floor, her books spread around her, doing her homework with the amazing concentration that is hers. Nothing seems to bother her, neither the chatter of her friends, the frantic coaching of Miss Magowan, nor even Jimmy Stewart's handsome face grinning up at her from her notebook cover.

When the fatal night comes, Nancy knows not only her own lines but everybody else's. She picks up the cue her terrified classmates forget to give, improvises speeches for a girl and sundry. Just a part of the game for Nancy.



Nancy is having one of her days of confusion. It all starts calmly enough with one simple little question posed by Nancy. Somehow Miss Turner can't quite understand. The class, in attempting to interpret Nancy's subtlety, gets itself confused, and inevitably Miss Turner herself becomes puzzled. Ten pupils, though themselves a bit hazy on the point, explain simultaneously. Nancy, now wholly disorganized, turns to a baffled teacher. At this juncture the bell rings, and Nancy marches out, convinced of the futility of physics anyway. At lunch time, however, the matter is finally cleared up, for meeting Miss Turner on the stairs, Nancy, minus an enthusiastic class to help her, understands the point in the few minutes required to descend from the top to the bottom floor.



July 6, 1921

Lantern Bearer, Miss Hood

Props: Barbara Mc Clurg  
Sally Mitche.





December 15, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Miss Hammett  
 Props: Maxine Cooper  
 Ann Caldwell



JANE DUBISKE

Initial performance of First Lady Jane whispers nervously behind stage as she waits to go on for her famous domestic quarrel with wife Sidney Meeker. "I'm scared. I know they'll laugh at my wig. Nobody'll take me for a man." Somebody shoves her on stage just in time for the rising curtain. Then with perfect stage presence Jane begins to create the character of Carter Hubbard. She IS Carter Hubbard with his bowed walk, his pompous speech, his methods of relaxing. The audience doesn't laugh at this girl taking a man's part; it applauds. Later someone says, "That girl is a natural actress." Only to be contradicted with, "Natural actress nothing!" That girl has worked hours on that part. Or to put it again Jane is a perfectionist when it comes to her love, the theatre.

◆ ◆ ◆

Two Seniors sit on the table in the back of study-hall, gossip, and survey with a faint superiority the bedlam that is recess. Jane appears in the doorway and walks quietly to her desk, lifting her shoulders slightly in her characteristic way. It arouses the Seniors to comment. " . . . She had another one of those stunning sports hats on this morning. Did you know she's supposed to be a champion ship diver? Awfully quiet but a grand sense of humor . . . Well, I saw her lunching with the handsomest blond boy the other day . . ." Jane joins them, addressing them, as she addresses everybody with a casual, "Hello, darlings."



LELA BALDWIN ELLIS



August 27, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Mrs. Eliason

Props: Joan Ralston  
Harriet Dawes

Ten minutes later Lela wanders into study hall, throws down her books, pushes her olive green felt hat to the back of her head and without removing her mink paw coat sits down. Two hours later though she has attended three classes Lela is still in hat and coat. Even the gloves have not been removed—gloves which serve to conceal maroon-tinted nails from the uniform committee's eagle eyes. Should we have made a law to compel this well-dressed visitor to dispense with her out-door toggery, when in school?



During study-periods Lela, giving all things academic the cold shoulder, stares with consuming eyes at an almost life-sized study of the lovely Charles Boyer which is propped up against her books. She has even forgotten to remove her finger from the vocabulary in the back of her French Reader.



Lela's unguarded moments. Admitting that she has read Shaw's *Saint Joan*, Lela again amazes the Seniors with her intellectual reading. Lela, arrayed in the customary fur coat and pork pie hat plus shin guards, leans nonchalantly against a goal post. Down the hockey field races the opposing team in sole possession of the ball. Lela becomes alert. Kicking furiously, jabbing with her stick and saying things under her breath, Lela finally hits the ball out of bounds. When Miss Price comes over to congratulate her, Lela is again typifying boredom; only this time she is bemoaning a broken two-inch fingernail. The morning of the Junior Dance finds most of the Seniors in beauty parlours, but Lela arrives at the Gym, which looks anything but festive in the cold morning light, loaded down with decorations. Confidently Lela starts to transform it into a ship's deck. That evening Lela, very demure in an up style hair-do, serenely accepts compliments on her work. Nor does she seem the least concerned over the moon's permanence.



January 27, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Mrs. Sands

Props Ada Blanche Wrigley  
Jane Sargent



BETTY GILLESPIE  
President of Student Government

Betty is in her element. With her gym uniform freshly starched, a trim white bandanna neatly tied around her head, and a hockey stick under one arm, she easily jumps the low iron fence obstructing her path, and in gleeful anticipation half skips, half jumps the last few feet to the hockey tryouts in Jackson Park. Once on the field, our little Betty becomes a human dynamo. Up and down she races, playing the positions of any and all of her exhausted team-mates. Until the swiftly falling October night has darkened the field, and even the whitest ball is no longer a stinging shaver. The girls from the other competing schools look on her with awe, while the Girls Latin regard her with pride, and even the coach of a thousand such amateurs, admits she is "the best schoolgirl hockey player I have ever seen."



Poor Betty is suffering, for she is definitely now not in her element. It is a study-period, and there is something in Betty's make-up that simply will not permit her to study in a study hall. Only at home, amidst familiar sights and sounds, can she settle down and concentrate. In spite of this, however, she must somehow, as President of Student Government, keep up appearances and set the younger classes a good example. So Betty very faithfully at the beginning of each study-period, opens her notebook to a nice clean page, takes from her drawer several newly sharpened pencils with long and impressive erasers, props a book up at a convenient angle, and looks dreamily out of the windows.



Little Gillespie is having a silly spell. She sits in the back row of her class and resolutely attempts to smother her gaiety. Every now and then a convulsive fit of laughter threatens to overcome her, but sternly she represses it. At last, in the freedom of the halls Betty lets off steam. To the obvious bewilderment of the uninitiated graders, she scampers down the hall laughing uproariously at apparently nothing. At a time like this she is the most wonderful person in the world to be with, for she greets even the feeblest of sales with gales of appreciative mirth, and anything even approaching the humorous with positive hysterics. But she doesn't really need any external stimulus. She is perfectly happy just to laugh out of pure good humor.



CATHERINE HANDLEY  
Editor of Vita Scholae



September 11, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Miss Price

Props: Rosemary Kemp  
Beth Garrison

The Senior Class is gathered for luncheon at the home of one of its members; that is, all are gathered except one. This luncheon precedes an art campaign for which Catherine, as editor of the Vita is absolutely indispensable, for she holds in her head, or on one of those many scrawled sheets of paper of hers, all the answers to all the inquiries as to the how and where of ad-getting. Arriving twenty minutes late she removes hat and coat with the proverbial quiet of the mouse and has been sitting on a couch five minutes before the hostess discovers her tardy guest. Quizzed upon all the phases of ad-getting, she quietly answers each question concisely, beating time to her voice with a nodding of the head.



Blue Monday. And fourteen hurried Seniors straggle into English class, each one tightly clasping a theme expressing any hurried thoughts that may have occurred to her over the busy weekend on what constitutes adulthood. But perhaps thirteen hurried Seniors would be more correct for Catherine's calm face signifies a job well done. As she unobtrusively lays her neatly typed and apparently voluminous paper, on top of her classmates' meager contributions.

In no time the astounding news flashes around the classroom. Catherine has written eight typed pages! Even the most biased Senior turns to look at this amazing girl. In eight pages she must have had at least eight ideas. Imagine! One girl thinking eight complete thoughts over one weekend. Catherine's reputation has been established for all time. In future, come what may, to us Catherine will always be one of the intellectuals.





August 2, 1921

Lantern Bearer: Miss Schrader

Props: Betty Buck  
Patricia Kochs



BECKY-JOE HUTCHINSON

"Go right on talking, girls. It doesn't bother me," airily comments Becky and continues eating a chocolate sundae.

Permission granted, Ruth gossips on, "The way Becky eats—she always has full meals at Waggen's while the rest of us conscientiously eat Rye Krisp and fruit salad—and still she doesn't get fat!"

Lillian chimes in, "Well, the thing that impresses me about Becky is her shoes—she must buy them by the gross—." The Seniors dutifully rivet their eyes on Becky's brown suede pumps while Lillian enumerates—Red, blue, and brown oxfords, practically the first wooden shoes in the school; gorgeous pumps; and heaven knows how many pairs of evening shoes.

Becky-Joe finishes her ice-cream and remarks with modest complacency, "Yes, I do have a lot of shoes."

◆ ◆ ◆

Living room of Hutchinson home. Becky-Joe, at her desk, is talking excitedly over the telephone . . . "But I tell you I've got to have a housekeeper. This place is a madhouse. My sister has the mumps—My father's entertaining next week—The dog isn't housebroken! Well, please look through your files, then, and let me know", begs Becky and hangs up despairingly . . . "Oh, Lord," moans Becky, "I guess I'll have to do things myself."

Half an hour later the telephone rings. As her hand reaches for the receiver, her eye glances over the neatly stacked invitations, a memorandum to visit the dog at his new training home and to buy a game for her little sister's amusement—With perfect self-possession Becky breaks in on the excuses of the crisp agency voice, "I'm sorry, too—However, please keep looking"—and then just because she's feeling so triumphant, Becky can't resist adding, "Oh yes, there's one more request. I'd like, if possible, a housekeeper who knows physics!"



LILYAN NEIMAN



September 15, 1921

Lantern Bearer, Miss Lawrence

Props, Nancy Forsheim  
Hattie Ogden

Dress rehearsal of "First Lady". Having given a final shine to her patent leather shoes, straightened a trouser leg, and adjusted her cravat, Lilyan commands, "Now let's have the wig!" A dozen Seniors dive for the wig, hand it to her, and wait expectantly for Lilyan to be transformed into the perfect diplomat. Lilyan starts to draw the wig on, but meets resistance when she tries to slip it over her braids. She gets a tighter hold, and pulls it down on one side, only to have it hike up on the other. The Seniors join her in tugging, pushing, pounding. At last it's on. Weak from exhaustion, the Seniors and Lilyan survey the effect. Miss Lawrence breezing by confirms their fears with, "Good Heavens, she looks like a First Lady on a tear!"



"I don't suppose any of you happen to know what the Marxian theory is?" asks Miss Hammett in American History. Lilyan's head bent over some everlasting doodling comes up. Hesitatingly she answers, "I don't know exactly, but I was reading 'Das Kapital', and didn't it say there that..." And Lilyan explains the Marxian theory, astonishing rather than edifying her classmates with her knowledge. However, they've learned to take almost as casually as Lilyan does the gleanings of her prodigious reading and the fact that she always has the highest vocabulary tests of the Seniors.



At 12:40 on Wednesday Lilyan hurries into study hall. Quickly she powders her nose, slips into her coat, sheds her school girl air and is ready to enjoy her free afternoon. As an afterthought, she gathers up a pile of books and tops them with white sheaves that look very much like radio scripts. A loud horn honking makes Lilyan lean out of the window and call, "I'll be right down, Jane.", and then dash for the stairs.

"Where's she going?", bluntly asks a Junior.

To WFL and maybe WIND. "She broadcasts", answers a Senior, and forestalls the inevitable question by adding, "Don't ask me. I've always wondered myself if she's Lula Belle."



January 14, 1922

Lantern Bearer: Miss Brokaw

Props: Betty MacArthur  
Kay Lawson



HELEN ROBINSON

We regarded with interest our new classmate. Tall—possessed of a good deal of stately beauty—completely poised—she hesitated momentarily until one of our politer classmates rushed over and introduced herself. This we learned was Helen Robinson. At last it seemed our boydenish group would have a woman in its midst. We imagined the cool, though politely concealed, disdain with which she would view our simple pastimes. It seemed a most disrespectful to call Miss Robinson by her first name. In a week we knew there was something wrong with our picture. Tall, stately women don't babble or giggle or blush violently, and yet here was Helen—the greatest babbler, giggler, and blusher of us all. No sooner had we settled to this view than Helen sang in Monday morning assembly. And there again was the poised Miss Robinson. Well, we gave it up. Thirteen or nineteen—we didn't know.



It's Helen's day to shine in physics. According to her usual custom, she has spent her study-period before the regular physics class in a close conference with Miss Matthews, going over the previous night's homework. Inevitably Helen begins her shining as soon as the rest of us have corrected our papers. It's been a struggle for her to repress her excitement this long, but it's well worth the effort when, at the psychological moment, Helen trills happily, "I got a check plus." The class turns as a body from its gloomy contemplation of large red check minus's to glare at its broadly-grinning tormentor. But that's only the beginning. From then on Helen is no longer holding herself back. First, she patronizingly explains just how we should have done the problems that we have so stupidly muddled; then the rest of the period she sits with her hand raised, eager to answer any and all questions. After Miss Turner has circled the entire class, she sighs, turns to Helen, and says, "All right, Helen. You tell them." By the end of the period we are all ready to slay our brilliant classmate. We meet at the door Helen looks at us, begins to laugh. We feel sort of silly and begin to laugh too. How can you get mad at a girl like that?







# FACULTY

First row, left to right:

MISS MATTHEWS  
MISS SCHAUB  
MISS HUNT  
MISS TURNER  
MLLE. VALTON  
MISS BROKAW  
MISS HARDIN

Second row, left to right:

MLLE. MUTRUX  
MISS HAMMETT  
MISS SINGLETON  
MISS JARRETT  
MISS SCHRADER  
MISS ASGAARD

Third row, left to right:

MISS FARGO  
MISS YOUNG  
MISS LORD  
MISS WHITE  
MISS JONES  
MLLE. GUINARD  
MRS. SANDS  
MISS PLEASANTON

Fourth row, left to right:

MISS STEDMAN  
MISS HARBISON  
MRS. ELIASON  
MISS LAWRENCE  
MISS LOESER  
MISS MAGOWAN  
MISS PRUYN  
MISS MACLAREN  
MISS TAYLOR  
MISS HOOD  
MISS PRICE



## THE JUNIORS

ROSALIND STARK . . . . .	President
CHINA IBSEN . . . . .	Vice-President
BETH GARRISON . . . . .	Secretary Treasurer
KAY LAWSON } . . . . .	Council Representatives
MARY STARK }	



MARGARET ALEXANDER  
 JANET BASLER  
 MARILYN BRICKWOOD  
 CAROL COE  
 HARRIET DAWES  
 JANE DILL  
 NANCY FLORSHEIM  
 BETH GARRISON  
 BETTY HARTZ  
 CHINA IBSEN  
 ANGIE JOHNSON  
 KAY LAWSON  
 MURIEL MacCHESNEY  
 PEGGY NICHOLSON  
 HELEN SOLOMON  
 MARY STARK  
 ROSALIND STARK  
 TANNISSE TWYMAN  
 SUZANNE WEAVER

When the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock, we, the Juniors, piled into school, stamped up the stairs like a herd of cattle with a forest fire behind them, and took possession of our section in study-hall. We began the year with energy. We formed committees, which promptly broke up, we made rules, which no one followed; we sent off ideas like Fourth of July sparklers. We attacked Danish Exercises, and limped and ached for days.

What a change since then! We are now calm and collected. Committees run smoothly. We write long English papers without upsetting the whole school with commas and even semicolons. As for gym—we could beat Hitler's Youth any day. We have definitely arrived!

S W





## THE SOPHOMORES

BARBARA McCLURG	President
JANE SARGENT	Vice-President
ROSEMARY KEMP	Secretary-Treasurer
FRANCES CONNELL BARBARA McNULTY	Council Representatives



BETTY BENNETT  
 BETTY BUCK  
 FRANCES CONNELL  
 ANN FAHERTY  
 CAROL FOX  
 PATRICIA GOLLER  
 YVONNE HOSKINS  
 ROSEMARY KEMP  
 PATRICIA KOCHS  
 BETTY McARTHUR  
 HELEN MARIE McCARTY  
 BARBARA McCLURG  
 BARBARA McNULTY  
 SALLY MITCHELL  
 JANE SARGENT  
 PATRICIA SCHEUNEMANN  
 HELEN SOMERVILLE  
 MAR AN VILAS  
 ADA BLANCHE WRIGLEY

We, the Sophomores, have just about outgrown our Indian headdress. The real Indian spirit seems to have fled; most of us have turned into quiet schoolgirls. If one of us is not a quiet schoolgirl, she is a partially quiet schoolgirl. We are able to sit, looking mentally enthusiastic, while the intellectual knowledge which falls lightly around us filters slowly through one sleepy ear and rushes out the other. Many of our feet are loudly encased in wooden shoes. In study-hall a few fleet-footed Sophomores trip daintily in stocking feet to sharpen pencils. Although our luncheon fed a ravenous school, our meagre repast was made up of quantities of cinnamon balls, which we sucked loudly for the rest of the day. Next year, when we are Juniors, we shall be able to look down on most of the school, a pleasant sensation, while ahead will lie the important position of being Seniors.

~ M



# FRESHMAN CLASS

EDITH DATO	President
VIRGINIA ELWOOD	Vice-President
MAXINE COOPER	Secretary
VIRGINIA LEE	Treasurer
NANCY COCHRAN HATTIE OGDEN	Council Representatives



DEBORAH ABRAHMSO  
 KYLE ADAMS  
 OLIVE BAIRD  
 RUTH ANN BENNETT  
 JOANNE BOYNTON  
 ANN BUFFINGTON  
 ANN CALDWELL  
 NANCY COCHRAN  
 MAXINE COOPER  
 EDITH DATO  
 VIRGINIA ELWOOD  
 ELIZABETH HETTLER  
 ALICE HOOPER  
 VIRGINIA LEE  
 FAITH LEMAN  
 MARY LEE MELVIN  
 GLORIA MINCHIN  
 MARY ANN NIEHOFF  
 HATTIE OGDEN  
 CAROL PLAMONDON  
 OAN RALSTON  
 MARY PATRICIA RIPLEY  
 JANET ROWE

The Class of '42 comprises twenty-four well-brought-up, well-fed young ladies some tall, some short, some dark, some fair, all sizes and types, abounding in energy and health, endowed with the capacity for real work and much play! Talents in all lines have been generously bestowed upon the members of our class. We are honest, love mischief, and have an abundance of class spirit. We are ambitious and full of determination. Our mascot is Meshie, the monkey, and we put a lot of faith in him during our various attempts at sports. There is a great deal of competition in our class, both in studies and at dances, but really we are the best of friends. We meet everything that comes along, and at least tackle it, even if we do not conquer it. We all hope we can continue this grand class spirit, and expressing it in our own way if there is any room for improvement, improve it. We are rebels at heart and there is nothing we enjoy more than excitement.

F L





# EIGHTH GRADE

DOROTHY WRIGLEY

President

MARTHA ASHBY

Vice-President

NANCY BRUCE FULTON

Secretary-Treasurer

MARY McDOUGAL

NANCY BRUCE FULTON )

Council Representatives

MILDRED HAMMOND )



JANE ALLEN

LOIS JEAN ASHBECK

MARTHA ASHBY

MARY PHYLLIS BACHMANN

JOAN BEAL

COURTNEY BORDEN

GLORIA CLEWORTH

JUNE EDELSTONE

BOBBY FOLONIE

NANCY BRUCE FULTON

MILDRED HAMMOND

NANCY HANLON

RUTH HENDERSON

NANCY KOCHS

GRACE McCAIN

MARY McDOUGAL

MARY McNULTY

FIFI MONTGOMERY

MARGO REYNOLDS

DOROTHY WRIGLEY

If you were to ask anyone at all to name the angels with dirty faces, the geniuses, and flaming balls of fire of this school, of course he or she would answer, "The eighth grade". Nevertheless, the extraordinary minds of the eights have really had a workout this year with mediaeval history, first year Latin and algebra. Those darlings and prides of G. L. S. have had their first taste of social life too, and have been successful—we hope.

Soon the high school will have the pleasure of hearing our soft voices ringing through the fourth floor corridor. So, "On your mark, get set, and out of the way",  
for Class Eight.

M.A.





# SEVENTH GRADE

KITTIE HANSON	1.	Presidents
NANCY UNDERWOOD		
NANCY MADLENER	.	Vice-President
SALLY ANNE RYAN	.	Secretary
PAULINE THOMPSON	.	Treasurer
JOAN JOHNSON	1	Council Representatives
SALLY MEAD		



JANET BENNETT  
 JOAN BENNETT  
 ELIZABETH BROWNE  
 GRACE DODGE  
 KITTIE HANSON  
 ANN HOOPER  
 JOAN JOHNSON  
 LAURA LANE  
 NANCY MADLENER  
 KAY MANNING  
 SALLY MEAD  
 ANINA PAEPCKE  
 LUCILE RALSTON  
 SALLY ANNE RYAN  
 PAULINE THOMPSON  
 NANCY UNDERWOOD

We are a Walt Disney class, as you can see by our mascot above, the first one to have an already educated mascot as when we received him he had just graduated with the class of '36. So we knew we were expected to go places with leaps and bounces. We haven't been still a moment since. He did look the other way the day we played the Eights at basketball. However, you'll see Sally Mead in the Chicago Cubs, yet, Eights.

To us, Mickey is Alexander, Pericles, Themistocles, Julius Caesar, and Errol Flynn, all rolled in one.

You can see our Walt Disney tendencies because Kitty and Polly are nicknamed Ferdinanda, they are so fond of smelling a rose, so are the Bennett twins, as bees follow both Joan and Janet.

We have six Kirsten Flagstadts: Chou-Chou, Grace, Laura, Anina, Kouge, and President Nancy, the famous Class Seven Sextette. When Kay gets her pilot's license, it won't be only the wind that rises.

Also we have Sally Anne Cezanne, Anne H. Nightingale, and Nancy M. Podarewski. Joan J. will be glamor girl of 1945.

N. U



# SIXTH GRADE

PHYLLIS WINSTON } JOAN FARWELL	Presidents
BETTY FLEMING } JEANETTE JENNINGS }	Vice-Presidents
MARGARET SALSMAN	Secretary
ANN CORNELISEN	Treasurer
ELLEN RYERSON BETTY KENNARD } KATHARINE REYNOLDS } BETSY STONE	Council Representatives



JOAN BACHMANN	KATHARINE ANN KITTLEMAN
MARY BAHE	CHARIS LEVERONE
BARBARA CLARK	KATHARINE REYNOLDS
ANN CORNELISEN	ELLEN RYERSON
PATRICIA DUSHANE	MARGARET SALSMAN
JOAN FARWELL	SUZANNE SCHMIDT
JEANETTE JENNINGS	BETSY STONE
BETTY KENNARD	PHYLLIS WINSTON
	CYNTHIA WIRTZ

We, the Sixth Graders, think that we're a pretty good class, though maybe not perhaps a very smart one. We like to play, and so every day at recess, at noon, and then again after school, we go out to the playground and play baseball. We think it's too bad that we can't play football too, like boys. As a class most of us like to read, and we specialize in detective stories, such as "Nancy Drew". We all like Art, although as yet there are no great artists among us, as you can judge by our posters of the Dog Show. For some reason or other we do not seem to be especially musical, although we like to warble. We like to swing it, and our favorite song is "The Road to Mandalay". Most of us are fond of boys, and true

Our motto is to do everything well and thoroughly whether it is hard or easy.

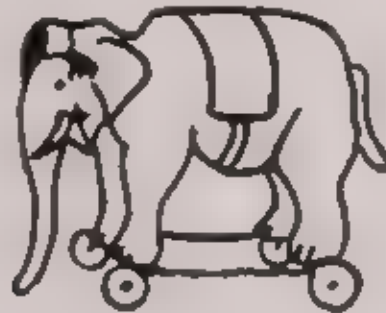
J. F





# FIFTH GRADE

RITA REND LESLIE FULTON	}	. . . . . Presidents
JEANETTE HERSEY	. . . . .	Secretary-Treasurer
RITA REND JOY GOLAN MARY J. DUSHANE JEANETTE HERSEY PATSY KNOWLTON	}	. . . . . Council Representatives
LESLIE FULTON JEANETTE HERSEY	}	. . . . . Librarians



EVELYN CAVENEE  
 MARY JANE DUSHANE  
 LESLIE FULTON  
 JOY GOLAN  
 HAMET HALL  
 JEANETTE HERSEY  
 PATSY KNOWLTON  
 PAULA PAEPCKE  
 RITA REND  
 MARY JANE ROGERS  
 MARY SUSAN SNYDER  
 SUSAN STERN

Last year in Fourth Grade we received an elephant for our mascot. This year both sections in Class Five fought over the mascot because they want him nearest them. This year the class gave the Thanksgiving play; it was about the Pilgrims in the beginning of the year. The name of the play was "Red Shoes At Plymouth". We had a lot of fun giving it. The class made a frieze of life in the thirteen colonies for the walls of our room. We collected Indian dolls and jewelry and things like that in our study of the Southwest. We made some Indian pottery.

Very shortly after spring vacation we gave a puppet show for the primaries.

R. R.



# STUDENT GOVERNMENT

BETTY GILLESPIE	President
ANGIE JOHNSON	Vice-President
SIDNEY MEEKER	Secretary
NANCY DAVIS	Judge
ANN FAHERTY	Assistant-Judges
JEAN WESCOTT	

## Council

JACQUELINE AAGAARD  
ROSALIE BOYDEN  
NANCY COCHRAN  
FRANCES CONNELL  
NANCY DAVIS  
EDITH DATO  
ANN FAHERTY  
BETTY GILLESPIE  
ANGIE JOHNSON  
KAY LAWSON  
BARBARA McCLURG  
BARBARA McNULTY  
SIDNEY MEEKER  
HATTIE OGDEN  
MARY STARK  
ROSALIND STARK  
JEAN WESCOTT





# MIDDLE SCHOOL COMMITTEE

MARY McNULTY . . . . . Chairman

LUCILE RALSTON . . . . . Secretary

## Representatives

NANCY BRUCE FULTON } . . . . . Class VIII  
MILDRED HAMMOND }

JOAN JOHNSON } . . . . . Class VII  
SALLY MEAD }

ELLEN RYERSON }  
BETTY KENNARD } . . . . . Class VI

KATHARINE REYNOLDS  
BETSY STONE

LESLIE FULTON } . . . . . Class V  
JEANETTE HERSEY }



## DRAMATIC CLUB

MARGARET ALEXANDER .  
MARILYN BRICKWOOD

President  
Secretary-Treasurer

DEBORAH ABRAHMSON  
MARGARET ALEXANDER  
JANET BASLER  
OLIVE BAIRD  
MARILYN BRICKWOOD  
MAXINE COOPER  
CAROL FOX  
YVONNE HOSKINS  
FAITH LEHMAN  
GLORIA MINCHIN  
MARY ANNE NIEHOFF  
PAT RIPLEY  
TANNISSE TWYMAN  
MARIAN VILAS  
SUSAN WEAVER

Productions Scenes from *The Merchant of Venice*  
                  *Suppressed Desires*  
                  *Monsieur Beaucaire*  
Director. Miss Magowan





## SENIOR GLEE CLUB

DEBORAH ABRAMSON  
MARJORIE ALEXANDER  
RUTH CLARK  
FRANCES CONNELL  
LUCILE COOLIDGE  
EDITH DATO  
NANCY DAVIS  
JANE DILL  
NANCY FLORSHEIM  
CAROL FOX  
BETH GARRISON  
ALICE HOOPER

YVONNE HOSKINS  
CHINA IBSEN  
KAY LAWSON  
VIRGINIA LEE  
FAITH LEHMAN  
GLORIA MINCHIN  
BETTY McARTHUR  
HELEN MARIE McCARTY  
HATTIE OGDEN  
TANNISSE TWYMAN  
SUZANNE WEAVER  
JEAN WESCOTT

HELEN ROBINSON, President

Glee Club Production

Glee Club Concert

Director: Miss Farbison



# JUNIOR GLEE CLUB

JOAN BACHMANN	LAURA LANE
MARY PHYLLIS BACHMANN	MEREDITH LEVERONE
MARY BAHE	GRACE McCAIN
COURTNEY BORDEN	MARY McDOLGAL
ELIZABETH BROWNE	ANINA PAEPCKE
GRACE DODGE	PAULA PAEPCKE
MARY JANE DUSHANE	LUCILE RALSTON
LESLIE FULTON	MARY JANE ROGERS
JOY GOLAN	SALLY ANNE RYAN
NANCY HANLON	MARY SUSAN SNYDER
JEANNETTE HERSEY	BETSY STONE
KATHERINE ANN KITTLEMAN	NANCY UNDERWOOD
CYNTHIA WIRTZ	

NANCY BRUCE FULTON- President





# ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION COUNCIL

NANCY DAVIS . . . . . President  
SIDNEY MEEKER . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

## REPRESENTATIVES

Senior: BECKY JOE HUTCHINSON  
Junior: MURIEL MacCHESNEY  
Sophomore: SALLY MITCHELL  
Freshman: MAXINE COOPER

Captain of the Blue: ADA BLANCHE WRIGLEY  
Captain of the Gold: BARBARA McNULTY

## Representatives from the Middle School

POLLY HAMMOND  
DOROTHY WRIGLEY  
CHOU-CHOU BROWNE



# BASKETBALL TEAM

Forwards: EDITH DATO

ANGIE JOHNSON

BARBARA McNULTY

TANNISSE TWYMAN

FRANCES CONNELL

Guards: MARGARET ALEXANDER

SIDNEY MEEKER

CAROL FOX



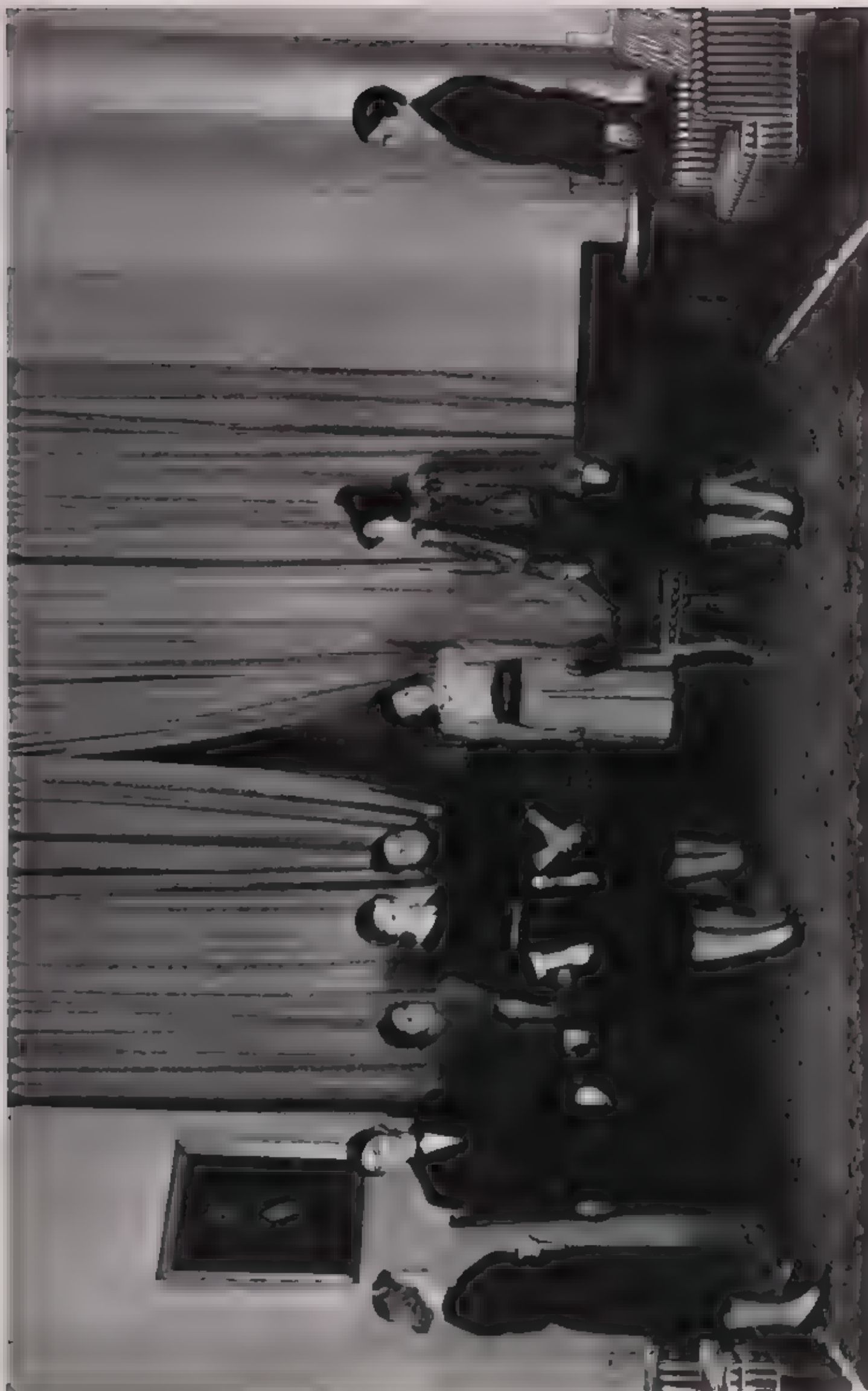


## HOCKEY TEAM

Left Wing:	JEAN WESCOTT
Left Inner	MURIEL MacCHESNEY
Center Forward	CHINA IBSEN
Right Inner:	SALLY MITCHELL
Right Wing:	TANNISSE TWYMAN
Right Half:	BARBARA McNULTY ANN FAHERTY
Center Half	BETTY GILLESPIE
Left Half:	SIDNEY MEEKER
Right Full:	JANE BECKWITH
Left Full	MARGARET ALEXANDER
Goal.	BARBARA McCLURG



THE NEW KINDERGARTEN



SENIOR CLASS PLAY





SENIOR CLASS PLAY

# SENIOR CLASS PLAY

## FIRST LADY

by

KATHARINE DAYTON and GEORGE KAUFMAN

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

Sophy Prescott . . . . .	Helen Robinson
Emmy Paige . . . . .	Rosalie Boyden
Lucy Chase Wayne . . . . .	Nancy Davis
Stephen Wayne . . . . .	Lilyan Neman
Belle Hardwick . . . . .	Marcella Sheridan
Mrs. Ives . . . . .	Betty Gillespie
Ann Forrester . . . . .	Catherine Handley
Mrs. Creevey . . . . .	Jean Wescott
Senator Keane . . . . .	Jacqueline Aagaard
Irene Hibbard . . . . .	Sidney Meeker
Carter Hibbard . . . . .	Jane Dubiske
George Mason . . . . .	Ruth Clark
Jason Fleming . . . . .	Becky Joe Hutchinson



Stage Manager . . . . .	Lucile Coolidge
Scenery Committee . . . . .	Lela Ellis
Business Manager . . . . .	Jane Beckwith

# SENIOR WILL

We, the Senior Class of the Girls Latin School of Chicago, being of sound, charitable, and disposing mind, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, and we hereby charge the beneficiaries herein named to take to heart and treasure the legacies herein bequeathed

To Miss Singleton: Ten good reasons why we, the Seniors, would like to go to college

To Miss Brokaw: A great big bow to go with her great big brown eyes

To Mrs. Eliason: Perfume she can spray around the new art room to keep out all strange odors from the science laboratory.

To Miss Hammett: Growing tablets so she can talk back to her pupils.

To Miss Harbison: Topics for conversation so she need not be such a blushing violet

To Miss Hood: Ten perfectly punctuated sentences -believe it or not!

To Miss Hunt: Chalk for her History of Art Classes.

To Miss Jarrett: A pair of scales as a symbol of her fairness

To Miss Lawrence: A sign to remind her that her first Seventh Grade has reformed and doesn't hang such things out the windows any more

To Miss Lord: Girls who will never have excuses for not helping with the scenery for the Dramatic Club

To Mlle. Mutrux: A degree in fashion creation, for starting the new hat craze, and we hereby present her with one of her chef d'oeuvres.

To Miss Price: A box of "Wheaties" to keep up her vitality

To Miss Sands: A blue ribbon for cradling such a smart and intelligent class!

To Miss Schaub: Our wedding gift of china

To Miss Schrader: A standing order for daily flowers for the math room

To Miss Turner: A magic wand to make the experiments turn out

To Miss White: A job posing for typical school girl outfits

To Mitzi Alexander: Lipstick remover to show her "it can be done".

To Janet Basler: A curler for her bangs

To Marilyn Brickwood: General protection for sports—hairnets for hockey, gloves for basketball, etc.

To Carol Coe: Mascara to further enhance her long, bee yoo-tiful eye ashes

To Harriet Dawes: More feathers for her many hats.

To Jane Dill: A large check to pay for the extra gas she uses in toting Juniors in her car

To Nancy Florsheim: A fire hose for her car.

To Beth Garrison: The deepest book we could find — "The Meditations of the Chinese Philosopher, See Fung Foy."—which she can assimilate during the summer.

To Betty Hartz: New fool-proof excuses for not having done her homework

To China Ibsen: A magazine full of the latest hair-do's

To Angie Johnson: A new lotion guaranteed to preserve that Florida tan

To Kay Lawson: A diploma for her Junior year, and a guarantee that there is positively only one more year of school left

To Muriel MacChesney: A toy carpet sweeper to pick up the angora fuzz from her socks.

To Peggy Nicholson: A key to study hall to enable her to "come up and see us some time."

To Helen Solomon: Suggestions for bigger and better secrets to tell to bigger and better audiences.

To Mary Stark: A wig with each hair glued in place so that she can take a rest from combing her hair.

To Rosalind Stark: Zippers she can put on all her dresses so that she can start getting ready two minutes before a date instead of three

To Tannisse Twyman: Springs for the locker doors.

To Suzanne Weaver: A needle and thread to shorten her gym tunic.

To the Sophomore Class: A typical Sophomore Day enabling them to get in all their various athletic activities

To the Freshmen class: A check in payment for ten easy lessons on how to get your man



# SENIOR PROPHECY

## VALUABLE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

### ALL CHICAGO AWAITS ELECTION RETURNS- MAY HAVE ITS FIRST WOMAN MAYOR

The clock has just struck six, and the polls are closing. In a few minutes this special edition will be out on the streets, giving the first election returns in this exciting, man against woman, mayoralty race. Will Chicago's next mayor be Mayor Kelly, who has held office for the past twenty years, or will that game little politician, Miss Rosalie Boyden, succeed in breaking the boss rule, and be Chicago's first woman mayor? Nobody knows. But the smart money is on "Our Rosalie".

Last night on the eve of the campaign, both candidates were confident of victory. From the democratic headquarters on the twentieth floor of the Stevens, Mayor Kelly made a last minute speech, in which he gave his usual promises to the taxpayers.

After Mayor Kelly's speech, Miss Boyden went on the air from her penthouse headquarters at the Drake (Miss Boyden, woman like had to go the mayor one better and get higher up than he) and summed up her platform. Upon Miss Boyden's conclusion her backers and supporters, which include the women's clubs of Chicago, the Friends of Animals, Chicago's Own Prohibition Party, and the P. T. A., were jubilant over her chance of winning.

Miss Boyden has conducted a vigorous, shrewd campaign, or, as she said, "I just use my woman's intuition". Miss Boyden has always been an ardent feminist. The first became practically important when she succeeded in defeating a bill prohibiting the wearing of 1939's spring hats.

Special Dispatch: MISS BOYDEN HAS BEEN ELECTED MAYOR!

### WOMAN EXPLORER CAPTURES FORTY PYGMIES

Mrs. Helen Robinson Hunningsford, famed African explorer, has captured and subdued single handed forty of the ferocious man eating Hottentot Pygmies. She arrived today when her boat docked at New York. The assembled crowd cheered madly as Mrs. Hunningsford marched down the gang plank, followed by the forty Pygmies. Also on the boat were Linbergh Garbo, the Duke of Windsor, and Brenda Frazier.

When questioned about her remarkable feat, Mrs. Hunningsford was her usual reticent self and replied briefly. "It was quite by accident. Dear Mr. Hunningsford was in the shark, keeping the mosquito net over the twins, and the native guide was busy filling his teeth, so I set out alone to investigate that most dangerous region in Africa, never before seen by a white man. I fought my way through the jungle undergrowth. On every side I felt hostile eyes watching me. I began to be apprehensive as I carried on my Gir Scout equipment. All at once thousands of Pygmies, with thirst for blood, human blood, written in their eyes, sprang out and carried me off triumphantly. Well, to shorten a thrilling tale, I won them over to civilization by telling them about the Holy Land, and teaching them the Lambeth Walk as a possible step for their tribal dance. I got those forty male Pygmies to accompany me here, by showing them a picture of Henry La Marr, and telling them there are a million more like that in New York."

Mrs. Hunningsford, clad in gaberdine shorts and a white helmet, in dazzling contrast to her weatherbeaten skin, gracefully posed for photographers. Happening to see Sir Hubert Wilkins, Frank Buck, and Lincoln Ellsworth, turning glumly in the crowds, Mrs. Hunningsford generously insisted that they too be included in a few pictures.

Upon a reporter's asking if Mrs. Hunningsford had made the acquaintance of Ambassador Kennedy, of the even chancier fate, who was also on board, Mrs. Hunningsford grew very indignant, and drawing herself, up, answered, "Sir, I now have twelve of my own!", and pointed proudly to a hitherto unnoticed brood of children under Mr. Hunningsford's care.

## MISS RUTH CLARK, LEADING REFORMER, HERE TO LECTURE "AND REFORM"

The women's clubs of Chicago are expected to turn out en masse when Miss Ruth Clark, noted advocate of a woman for president, anti vivisection, and abolishment of child actors, gives her lecture here Tuesday, entitled "Reform Reform Reform Anything So Long as You Reform!"

When interviewed at her headquarters in the Y. W. C. A. Miss Clark, surrounded by pictures of Emma Willard, Dr. Anna Shaw, Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Nation, and Margaret E. Sangster, described with her usual enthusiasm her recent U. S. lecture tour, highlight of which was being ridden out of an Oklahoma town on a rail by the Federated Saloon Keepers. "I do not," she said, "wish to speak of this incident other than to say the rail had enormous splinters!"

Miss Clark is an imposing figure on the lecture platform. Blonde, lean and holding herself stiffly erect, Miss Clark dresses in unrelieved black except for the rows of medals and ribbons, presented to her by various anti-leagues, that march across her bosom. Miss Clark has never married, as she says, she has never felt the urge to enter that field of reform.

## PROFESSOR ELLIS GETS AWARD FOR RESEARCH ON EARLY ENGLISH BALLADS

At a luncheon given yesterday by the American Association for the Advancement of Knowledge, Professor Lela Ellis was awarded a ribbon for her research in early English ballads as they appear among the hill-billies of Kentucky. Professor Ellis, it will be remembered, has just published the most exhaustive and accurate book in the world today in this subject. As we said when we reviewed her book recently:

"Professor Ellis has made a noteworthy, if not the most noteworthy, contribution to critical English literature of the twentieth century."

Amidst great applause Professor Ellis rose to receive her award. Fingering her dress with fingers stained with ink, Professor Ellis said with embarrassment, as she peered near-sightedly up and down the length of the table round which sat a hundred people: "Thank you for this magnificent ribbon. Never have I seen such fine quality silk nor such beautiful gold lettering. But of course, realize that it is not the money but the thought that is important. Rest assured that I shall lay this ribbon reverently between the covers of my well-worn Shakespeare when I get back to the hotel tonight. Of my outstanding contribution, a contribution that, I trust, I am not over-estimating in ranking it with the discovery of radium and the invention of the telephone, I can only say that every minute of those ten years spent in discovering here an obsolete word and there a forgotten melody were happy. I fraternized with and adopted the native customs of the hill-billy."

Later at her hotel Professor Ellis said: "I now plan to resume teaching at Smithsonian College. And now add I shall be to be back with my girls again. You know they all call me old Granite-face. Of course I'm severe with them. However, it is safe to wager, judging by the kindly twinkle in Professor Ellis' eye, that she's not nearly so severe as her words would indicate."

## DEAR TRAVEL EDITOR,

I just had to write and tell you of my WONDERFUL two weeks on the Bar-None Neiman Dude Ranch.

I stepped off the train in the middle of an Arizona desert. Galloping bare back toward me through the sand, with black braids flying, came Buckaroo Neiman, owner of the Bar-None. At first sight of this dynamic, sun-kissed, health-exuding woman, I felt as if I were revitalized.

She grabbed me, my two trunks, fourteen suitcases, and five handbags, and tossed us into the little trailer attached to her wild mustang pony. As we raced back to the Bar-None, Buckaroo Neiman, though frequently breaking off her conversation to fire blank cartridges into the air as greeting to the picturesque cowboys



who in turn yelled "Hiya Lil!" gave me a vivid history of the Great West, the other Dude Ranchers, and the marital status of all the cowboys.

One unforgettable day Buckeroo organized a party to ride twenty miles to Vulture's Crest and there have a beef barbecue and barn dance. On the way, Buckeroo was the life of the party, riding at least half of the time on the underside of her horse, and lassoing souvenirs from the landscape for the Dudes.

Arrived there, Buckeroo excused herself, and went out to hunt supper. Within half an hour she was back, dragging a steer whose neck she'd broken. Quickly she skinned him and strung him up on an improvised spit. During supper she, waving a steer's drumstick, led us in singing "Home, Home on the Range."

As a special surprise Buckeroo had invited the Indians from the nearby reservation to come over. I shall never forget that last picture of Buckeroo Neiman and Chief False Front mounted on their snow-white horses, as silhouetted against the darkening sky, they sang a la Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, a duet of "The Indian Love Call!"

### FAMED U. S. SPY BACK

When the Queen Mary sailed this afternoon she had as a passenger the most mysterious woman of all Europe, Mata Hari Dubiske. Many of the world's most prominent men, dictators, kings, ambassadors, have fallen in love with the beautiful Mata Hari Dubiske, only to be betrayed by her. Just back from a spy assignment on the continent, it is supposed that Mata Hari Dubiske will go immediately to Washington to make her report to the president himself. Madame President, well aware of Mata Hari's potent attraction, is said to be apprehensive over the visit.

Heavily veiled, Mata Hari Dubiske was leaning, a melancholy figure, against the ship's rail when faced by reporters. She refused to be photographed, although she did raise the corner of her veil to let a particularly persuasive candid camera addict get a shot. Questioned about her activity in Europe, Mata Hari Dubiske replied, "I have inside information about everything. I know what country Hitler will 'receive' into the Reich next, I know what Schiaparelli will show this spring; and I know what the Duke of Windsor saw in Mrs. Simpson."

Said Mata Hari Dubiske, when interviewed about spying as a career, "No, I wouldn't advise every girl to become a spy. It's too gruelling." Her secret fear, revealed Mata Hari Dubiske, is that she may die of old age.

### GOODMAN'S NEW FIND MET BY A THOUSAND FANS IN DEARBORN STATION

Despite her arriving at Chicago at six A. M. this morning, Miss Betty Gillespie, Benny Goodman's new singing star, was met by a thousand fans who wanted her to lead them then and there in a giant swing session. Miss Gillespie, dressed in a fitted black satin suit and pumps with stiletto heels, to give that illusion of height, stepped off the train, going to her admirers with her engaging smile. Hep Cat Put her in the groove. Swing it. When photographers asked for pictures of the famous Gillespie legs she graciously consented, and lightly swung her feet up to a sitting position on an orange stand.

Miss Gillespie will open her first Chicago engagement to-night with Benny Goodman's Swing Band at the Hangar Club. She is noted for her song styling, in which she sings blues songs in her throaty contralto, while Benny Goodman "goes to town" on his trumpet. Swing cats say their combined style gives depth and soul to swing music.

In the world of entertainment, Miss Gillespie is considered best-dressed and best looking of all the women of the theatre. Not conventionally beautiful, because of her extreme thinness, Miss Gillespie always keeps at least thirty pounds underweight in order to have that transparent look. Miss Gillespie is possessed of a smouldering beauty which has been greatly intensified since she dyed her hair green. "My secret of being so well dressed", declared Miss Gillespie, "lies entirely in proper fitting. I always say what's the use of having a good figure if you don't show it. Therefore I hold my breath when I'm being fitted, and then when it's out, I look just as if I were poured into my clothes."

## WESCOTT'S POWERFUL DEFENSE SAVES KILLER

An all-woman jury early this afternoon sent in a verdict of "not guilty" to free Jose Verdozzi, indicted for killing his elderly wealthy wife. Again the lucid eloquence of the greatest living criminal lawyer, Miss Jean Wescott, has saved a killer from the chair.

This morning the court met to hear Miss Wescott's stirring plea to the jury. Previously Miss Wescott, after insisting on an all-woman jury, had gotten some sympathy for her client, who was becoming yressed in a black pin-striped suit by asking him, "Why did you marry your wife?" (Verdozzi's wife was notably ugly, twenty years older than he, but possessed of a large fortune.) With touching sincerity he replied simply, "It was love at first sight!" However, the State had a strong case against Verdozzi, possessor of a long police record, in that they had twenty eye witnesses to the murder.

Miss Wescott, nattily attired in a well-tailored suit, and exuding self confidence, summed up in a ringing voice her case as follows: "These are the reasons you should acquit the defendant! First, I, personally don't think he's guilty. Second, do you think anybody with such beautiful brown eyes could commit such an atrocity? And third, you wouldn't want to have on your conscience that you'd sent a man to his death, would you?"

Two minutes later the jury filed back and returned a unanimous verdict of "not guilty." Immediately afterward Miss Wescott hurried off to work on her defense for Baby-face Killer.

## STATE MILITIA MAY BE CALLED OUT AGAINST COMMUNIST COOLIDGE

Last night the governor was in conference, considering the advisability of calling out the state militia to make Communist Lucile Coolidge, Earl Broder's successor as leader of the Red Party in the U. S., stand up. Communist Coolidge is on a sit-down strike in the middle of State Street. Motorists do not object to Comrade Coolidge's simply sitting in the street, as they can drive around her, but when she makes the March of Time newsreel, writes magazine testimonials, and poses for Life Magazine they say there is too much congestion.

Communist Coolidge, the author of several significant speeches delivered in Bug House Square, went on her sit-down strike because the city of Chicago refused to provide umbrellas for the communists when they marched in the rain on last May first. She hopes that her protest will not only provide comfortable marching next May day but also further her advocating that Chicago build the lecturers of Bug House Square a stadium.

With her leather boots and her hair shaved off, Communist Coolidge is a striking figure as she sits in the middle of State Street, sending telegraph messages to Moscow.

Special Dispatch from Springfield. The governor, with a master stroke of diplomacy, has prevented an uprising and peaceably persuaded Communist Coolidge to stand up by sending her a gold soap box on which hereafter to speak!

## HUTCHINSON SMASHES MILE RECORD

Last night a packed Stadium saw Becky-Joe (Fleet-foot) Hutchinson race to victory in the National Mile Run. Miss Hutchinson edged out Glen Cunningham, former holder of the title, by half a second when she put forth a last minute burst of energy.

This morning at the Masonic Hospital the champion was reported recovering satisfactorily from a nasty ankle injury received when one of the other female contestants deliberately kicked her. Although slowed noticeably, Miss Hutchinson had continued with her usual fine sportsmanship.

Red-headed Miss Hutchinson is well-known in the world of sports. A graduate of the University of Hawaii, Miss Hutchinson first became interested in running when, as a student in the Islands, she, attired in a sarong, would race the native runners. As her fame spread, she became one of the greatest attractions to the tourists, the



champion was offered contracts to appear in a vaudeville act.

Miss Hutchinson, although training intensively, has no set training schedule. Whenever Miss Hutchinson happens to see a speeding train or a truck going at a fast enough clip, she races along beside it for a couple of miles. Like Cunningham, the champion had a handicap to overcome before embarking on her famous career. Hers was a natural distaste for violent exercise.

Miss Hutchinson is the most promising U. S. athlete for the coming Olympic games, and if sent, will probably be accompanied by a special delegation of the Hutchinson for-Miler Club.

## SISTER SIDNEY MEEKER STAGES GIGANTIC REVIVAL MEETING

Today, Sister Sidney Meeker, protégée of A. mee Semp e McPherson, opens, at the Stadium, her week-long revival meeting, in which she hopes to gain two thousand converts. A million people are expected to attend, mostly out of curiosity to see the famed woman preacher, who has brought religion up to date. Dressed in a figure revealing silver gown and with white doves circling round her head, Sister Meeker will give a two-hour lecture on "Your God, My God, and What's He Got Is Anyway." At frequent intervals, Sister Meeker will break off her lecture and pray on the organ, swinging versions of "Nearer My God to Thee" and other hymns, which she has had thousands of requests for.

Sister Meeker estimates two thousand converts in this one week, claiming that she will get that many on her personality alone. So that there will be no error about the number of converts, an automatic counter has been installed in the Stadium, which marks up a point for Sister Meeker every time one of her hearers gets religion.

In private life, Sister Meeker is a devoted mother of her five children, and spends several minutes of each day playing with them. As she is a renowned Bible student, the children love to pick out any line from the Bible and have their mother tell them the exact verse, chapter, and book it is in. Recently at a nation-wide convent on of the clergy, Sister Meeker was voted "Personality Girl of Religion."

## SENORA AAGAARD VALOR KNOCKS OUT LION

Last night thousands of people were thrown into a panic when Maneater, savage lion and killer of three tigers, broke out of his cage during a performance and leaped into the audience. Only the daring intervention of his tamer, Senora Aagaard Valor, prevented a massacre.

The following is an eyewitness' account: "There was death in the air last night. The spotlight was turned on, and drums rolled. Maneater was driven, roaring and roaring, into his cage. Then, poised on an elephant's ear, came the Senora, dressed in a snappy white uniform with a flowing scarlet cloak, bowing and bowing kisses to the wildly-cheering and peanut-throwing audience. Armed only with a fifty pound wand and an automatic, the slender, masterful figure stepped into the cage. Slowly she began to circle Maneater to bring him to the final submission of saying his prayers at her booted feet. But Maneater was restless. He had already bent the bars on his side of the cage and made a rush for the Senora. With her well known agility the Senora quickly dodged, and Maneater plunged through the bars. Half-crazed from the impact and his freedom, Maneater sprang into a box full of children. The Senora, realizing the danger, followed. Just as Maneater was crouching to spring at the neck of a child, the Senora came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. Maneater looked around, and the Senora let go with a terrific haymaker that knocked Maneater colder than a dead herring. Then with complete self-possession Senora Aagaard Valor swung the prostrate lion over her shoulders and went out to take a bow."

## PHOTOGRAPHER GETS FIRST PICTURE OF MISS NANCY DAVIS IN TWENTY YEARS

To John Jones, staff photographer, goes the distinction, and a fat bonus, for having snapped the first picture in twenty years of that famed recluse of science, Miss Nancy Davis. This is Mr. Jones' personal story.

"Well, I had an inside tip—I go steady with Miss Davis' cook's grand-daughter—that Miss Davis was all set to make one of her rare trips down town this morning. She wanted to see Tyrone Power's son, who is appearing at the Chicago. So I went down to cover the Loop . . . Sure, it was a cinch to spot her. She came walking down State Street, jabbing with her umbrella everybody that got in her way. She certainly stood out from the crowd in that old-fashioned grey suit she always wears. You could tell right away she wasn't the feminine type of woman and that clothes meant nothing to her.

"Anyways, I took one gander at her, and said, 'There's my man!' I pulled out my shutter and got a beauty of a picture just as she looked up and saw me. Boy, the expression she had!"

From a special dispatch it has just been learned that Miss Davis was considering leaving the United States and going to England where she would not be subjected to such outrages." However, the faculty and students of Chicago University have signed a petition, trying to persuade her against such a mistake. They are eager that she should first announce to the world her manufacturing of the ninety-fourth atom. Miss Davis, although she made it ten years ago, has refused to tell the public for fear she would be given the Nobel Prize and have to submit to being photographed in her laboratory.

Miss Davis has never married. When Albert Einstein's son proposed to her by a series of ingenious formulas, commonly used only in the application of higher mathematics, she promptly sent him an autographed copy of her book, *The Atom Has no Love Life*.

## MARQUISE D'ARCY GUEST OF HONOR AT ROUND OF RIVIERA PARTIES

Marquise d'Arcy, the former Catherine Handley of Chicago, has been dazzling international society on the French Riviera during the last few weeks. In Paris, the French government dedicated a monument to the Marquis for services rendered to his country. Marquis d'Arcy, you may recall, died two years ago at Nice under mysterious circumstances which have never been satisfactorily explained.

The Marquise, a well-known figure in Continental Society, has since been rumored engaged to Count Carlo, the armaments Czar, and also to the Earl of Winchester; but she has appeared at each of the various parties given here in her honor with a different escort. Teasing the gossips, eh, Marquise?

At the Deauville Casino last night, she was hostess to a large party including several old American friends. Her entrance was sensational for she wore the magnificent collection of rubies given to her by the Rajah of Nahdah which everyone has been hoping to see.

When the season here is over, Marquise d'Arcy is planning a London holiday—just in time for the brilliant court affairs scheduled. Afterwards, she will come to the United States, she says, and may even visit Chicago for a few days and see old friends.



# LITERARY SECTION

Preserved for posterity are these stories, poems  
and essays written by pupils of the school,  
from the Senior Class to the Fifth grade.



## I PREFER MY DESERT ISLANDS WITH BOOKS

There is a great deal of truth in the old saying that you never miss a thing till it's gone. Being able to read and having things to read are taken for granted today. You could not conceive of a day's passing without your scanning the newspapers, glancing through magazines and books, taking in the meanings of countless advertisements at gulp-glances, so accustomed are you to spending one or two hours of each day doing this, even though you may profess to read very little. Yet I, who spend much more of my day than this in reading, have known three times in my life when I did absolutely none. Two times I was physically unable to. The third time was the worst of all. I had nothing to read.

In the summer of 1935, mother, with her usual impetuosity, decided that I had had quite too much city and that I must go to the country. Accordingly, she dashed around and found, as she said, a charming farm owned by a lovely, cultured, even musical family, where I could spend the summer. Immediately she packed me off. Indeed, I was quite agreeable to being so hastily gotten rid of, as I was filled with dreams of spending glorious, sun-drenched days, lying on an emerald green meadow, chewing a straw from the near-by strawstack, close at hand a good book, of being able, whenever I was so inclined, to go over to the barn, select a horse and canter off to parts unknown, of eating the farmer's fare, which, if reports were true, had cake, several kinds of pie, and cookies all for one dessert; or having the privilege of living with this remarkable family, and, of course, of being out of the range of the parental eye.

I cannot say with complete truthfulness that our life as farmers was the exact antithesis of what I had pictured, but it was entirely different. As is so often the case, we had imagined in such detail how Arcadian farm-life would be, that, when I met just the farm-life minus the Arcadia, I hardly recognized it. But I shall pass over the many disappointments of that vacation in order to bring to the fore the main one. I shall not dwell on how that was the summer of the terrible drought, when the Washington pulled its hair out and the worried farmers pulling anybody's they could lay hands on, on how I wouldn't drink the sweet, fresh milk because it was different from my customary "Vitamin A"; and on how breakfast was too big with its fried fish, potato pancakes and flapjacks, while supper was too small with its solitary blue bowls of bread and milk. Nor shall I speak of how the hours of wandering through scorched corn-fields and petting the eleven cats formed a day easily confused with an eternity.

Incidentally, the family's musicalness was more or less one of my mother's exaggerations. Papa Farmer was the church soloist, which office entailed limbering up his voice every Saturday night to get out of it the nasal twang from calling the cows. Mama Farmer had gone to a jerkwater musical college and that was about as much good as it did her. To be the high school pianist was Sister Farmer's ambition and she furthered it by practicing every single morning, from six-thirty to nine o'clock, the majestic strains of "Pomp and Circumstance". Brother Farmer had a thin, sweet soprano and could render endearingly, "Home, Home On the Range".

It was nine o'clock in the morning and the twenty-fifth hour of my vacation on the farm. I, nostalgic, vaguely queasy from the strange water, and having done all those things a green horn does upon first arriving at a farm, was wandering forlornly around the house. In the back of my mind, though I was totally unconscious of it, was the desire to pick up a book or magazine and read a little. No doubt I was expecting to come upon some reading material casually, for in our house one can hardly sit down without first lifting up an open book. As I was alone in the house, the rest of the family being out in the summer kitchen, I decided to begin my private search for a book or magazine. In vain I looked in the front parlour and the second parlour. No books were to be had in the dining room. I was about to inspect the kitchen, urged on by my unsatisfied desire, when Papa Farmer stomped in and said, "C'mon into the study, and relax." I could feel myself brightening visibly. Come into the study? Would I! Ah, the study. Beautiful-sounding word when spoken in - Books - Magazines - Papers. This would be more like it. He led the way into a little room off the dining room. I followed expectantly. Searching the study eagerly, but all the time keeping my eyes open for secret panels

or trapdoors—how did I know this exceptional family didn't consider a book more precious than gold, and was hiding it accordingly?—gradually, but conclusively, I realized that in the entire room, ironically called "study", were no books, no magazines, no papers, no pamphlets, no circulars, in short, no pieces of paper with words printed thereupon!

Standing there, I realized how it must feel to be a convicted man, who before being sent to jail, imagines how it will feel to be behind the bars, thinks he has steeled himself for their horror, but, when he actually is behind them, suffers the real despair. All through my inspection of that house, I was beginning to have trepidations about the reading situation but, when here in the study—ironical word—my fears proved well-founded I felt desperate. I would abandon my farm-life and go home! How could I spend two months without doing any reading?

But I remembered, I couldn't go home. So I set about rallying myself. No use getting panicky. There had to be some way out of my predicament. Reason told me there had to be something to read, someplace in the house. The family was educated; its member couldn't help but read upon occasion. Why they'd have to, if for nothing more than to exercise their eyes. I laughed hollowly at my own humor. Nevertheless, I was reassured. The family would take papers. How often I'd read of the vital interest the farmer takes in the nation's affairs, how he pores over the paper's editorials, and writes his own opinions of various political matters. And there would be catalogues and advertisements, which don't make such bad reading in a pinch, especially if you believe advertising has been raised to an art. The stores probably swamped the family with such things.

By the end of forty-nine hours, I had rounded up everything within the radius of the farm's three hundred and forty acres, that could be read. Mama Farmer's contribution was "There's a catalogue around somewhere." The catalogue turned out to be a 1930 Sears Roebuck one, and only half a one at that. Papa Farmer gladdened my heart by telling me they did take a daily paper, but saddened me when he said it was not the metropolitan daily I had hoped for, but a country one called the "Daily Clarion". Really the "Daily Clarion" was much more disappointing than it sounds. Resigned to its being a country paper, I expected to be vastly amused by its journalistic style, but I wasn't. Nowhere in it was the personal, informal touch I had expected. The paper with its first page of copied news, second of household hints, third of farm commentary and Sabbath school notes, and fourth of advertising, was simply rehashed, subject-predicate writing. Sister Farmer, who was on the verge of being converted and so had no use for the "worldly" things, was the most sympathetic to my plight, and surreptitiously slipped me a couple of novels. It is enough to say of them that they were an experience. Brother Farmer told me the next time they opened the one-room schoolhouse for an airing, he would let me have access to the "library".

Such was my holiday reading. With its help and the fact that man's natural instinct is to live, I survived 6:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. days. The family's ant-like industry had a constant acceleration, and soon there was no time for anybody to talk to me; and if anybody did, I knew what he was going to say, before he said it, so limited was our conversational range. Not only did I forgo talking, but I began to be self-conscious about playing with the eleven cats as we, the cats and I, were the only ones on the farm not engaged in productive work.

And then one night a storm broke, a real storm with all the paraphernalia of vivid gashes of lightning, of rain thickly steady, of rolls of thunder colliding in gigantic claps, and of the outside noises when branches were stripped from the trees. The cattle bawled, cried, and tried to break out. Not quite conscious of what was happening, just aware of an angered Nature, I lay in bed. Suddenly came the shrill, penetrating voice of the telephone shocking me to wide awakeness. Two o'clock at night and somebody was telephoning! Had something happened to mother? Agony of waiting, listening to feet hastily shoved into shoes, stumble down the stairs. Along the hall, bedroom doors creaked open. A moment of pause punctuated by the click of the receiver as it was taken down. A murmured response, sudden inflection of surprise, the lapse into the condoling tone, and then Mother Farmer called up the stairs, "That was Emma. Mrs. Yoder's dying at last. If the storm lets up, I'm going over."



First, thankfulness that it wasn't one of my family. I lay back against my pillows. Then contrition for the selfishness of my concern came over me. How awful for anybody to die on such a night. It might be all right for two such violent natures as Heathcliff's and Catherine's, but not for such a one as poor, broken Mrs. Yoder's. It was so tragic to have lived the life of child-bearing and drudgery, never to have had any simple luxuries, never to have set foot outside of Iowa with its monotonous scenery and its narrowmindedness, never to have looked at the world through another's eyes by reading a book.

I was crying now. The tears were for Mrs. Yoder, for my unhappy isolation, and finally, for life unworthy of the struggle it took to live and offered at the end only the mockery of "And to dust return." I was becoming quietly hysterical, but I thought I was going mad. Nothing but my own disturbing, frantic ideas circled in my head. If only there were something to read, to take me out of myself.

I got up out of bed. The floor, to my bare feet, had the iciness of death with which the air now seemed full. I groped for the closet, dragged my suitcase down from the shelf, prepared, subconsciously, to go home, or any place but here. Snapping the case open, I saw something to fall from it. It was the Bible that mother had reserved for me, and that I had forgotten all about. I poked it up. Its very touch was soothing. Not because it was God's book, but just because it was a book with words to be read, with somebody else's thoughts to think. I began to read, and was comforted.

Six weeks later I got my release from the farm. Mother was delighted with my tan, my ten pounds of acquired weight, my serenity which long hours of sleep had brought about. She had never dreamed I would benefit so, physically. I didn't know, couldn't judge, for at that moment I was busy making my first acquaintance with Dickens. I had a great deal of reading to catch up on!

CATHERINE HANDLEY, '39

## LIFE'S CRISES

There was I standing in the doorway of my new classroom, a chubby little girl of nine, possessor of two very long pigtails and a misshapen dimple-faced with the problem of making good in this my new school. The outlook had been depressing enough when I had discovered that, because of certain deficiencies in my ardently acquired knowledge, I would have to go back a grade; but that was as nothing compared to facing this sea of unfriendly faces. Mechanically I moved from the door, shook hands with the teacher, and, in a haze of embarrassment, took the indicated seat. Once there, conscious of all eyes fastened upon me, I sat and studied my shoes with a fixed concentration worthy of a far nobler object. Until recess I retained this rigid pose, half-fearing, half-anticipating the test I knew was to come. Would I be accepted into this charmed circle, or must I remain an outsider, a social outcast, so to speak, until I was an old woman, say twenty-two or so?

I had not long to wait, for judgment, in the form of a tall, thin child with straight hair pushed back à la Alice in Wonderland, followed by her cohorts, was even now bearing down on me. We gazed solemnly at each other for several moments, then the other spoke.

"What," she said with a very slight severity, "is your name?"

"Sidney".

My examiner looked incredulous. "Did you say—Sidney?" There was a slight hesitation before the name as though it cost her an effort even to say the abhorred word.

Puzzled, I nodded.

Her severity a definite thing now, my questioner announced sternly, "Only little boys are named that. Your mother must be funny."

With that she turned and walked away. I understood. From now on I would be considered to come from a very bad family—people who didn't even realize the incongruity of calling a girl by a boy's name. But as yet there was no final judgement on me, I might still hope to become friends with the other children in the class. I fervently hoped, however, that they would never hear that my brother

is named Jinks. That, I was sure, would mark my family as not only odd but well ripe for the local insane asylum.

Classes began again, and, conscious that I had not been a great success in my first encounter with the unknown, I felt extremely grateful for the smile of the girl whose book I had been told to share. Via notes I soon learned that her name was Lucy Hicks, and, as I carefully refrained from mentioning mine, we were getting on swimmingly when suddenly I was called upon to recite. Now anyone will admit that this was the grossest injustice. I had always considered it part of the unwritten code of the schoolroom that no new girl should be called upon to recite her first day, and I was consequently completely relaxed when the blow fell. As a result, my recitation was a horrible failure. Sitting down at last, I felt Lucy draw slightly away from me. This too I understood. I had been discovered to be dumb; not just nicely, ingratiatingly dumb, but downright stupid.

This, coupled with my unfortunate name, had turned the scales and I was to be an outsider. It would take something really brilliant to erase the bad impression, I had already made, and, rack my brains as I might, I could think of nothing sufficiently impressive.

It was not until I was mournfully descending the stone steps on my way home that I had my great inspiration. There, kneeling on the ground, were Lucy and the girl with the Alice in Wonderland hair, engaged in a game of marbles. Marbles! Why hadn't I thought of that before? Here was I, the Midwestern marble champion, worried about how to make an impression. Flinging my coat and books to the ground I joined the game, seemingly shy as befitted a newcomer but inwardly full of confidence. Two hours later found me walking companionably home with Lucy explaining a trifle condescendingly the Meeker Marble System. At last I belonged.

SIDNEY MEEKER, '39

## IS EMILY POST WRONG

It's the little things that count; little things we love and cherish, and little things which drive us crazy. I shall tell you about one little thing which drove me crazy. I ask you to put yourself in my position, before you pass judgement on me as an irritable fussbudget.

I have, living in the apartment above me, a family. They have two boys. Now if everyone could fully appreciate that last statement there would be no need for this anecdote; but as there may be a few fortunate individuals who do not realize the calamity of having living above them two boys both between the ages of two and five, I'll go on.

Within the first week of their possession of the apartment, I saw those two children, and they were darlings; two cuter little tricks never existed. The first time I saw them was in the elevator. They both backed shyly into a corner and stood looking up at me from under the blondest of blonde eyebrows. Haloes encircled their heads, wings flapped, and butter wouldn't have melted in their mouths. They were so cute, that in spite of myself I had to smile first at them and then meaningly at their nurse. Little did I know those two small dissemblers.

A week passed after the first meeting, and all was rosy. Two weeks passed, and then things began to happen. One afternoon I heard a sound like marbles being dropped from a considerable height on to the bathroom floor. Well, I passed this event. I passed over it when it was repeated. I ignored several relay races played with what seemed to be cannon balls, up and down the hall. "Just lively kids", I said to myself, and sat back and recalled the times I used to run up and down halls. But then I was a rather quiet child.

The first real trouble caused by my two cherubic acquaintances occurred one night just before dinner. I had finished washing my hands when, on stepping over the threshold of the bathroom into the hall, I felt a drop of water fall on my hand. Where had it come from? I could remember wiping my hands, and wiping them rather well at that, the towel bore evidence of the fact. Rather puzzled I stepped back into the bathroom. Now I could see the water falling, at first just a drop or two, then a regular curtain. Dashing through the falls to my room, I gave the ceiling



a quick glance. It was a mass of brown water stains. In one corner the wall-paper was already hanging, wet and sticky, at right angles with the wall . . . I was to discover later that the children had been sailing boats in the tub. Little, sweet boats that they had made themselves! What are a little paper and calcimine compared to the untrammelled self-expression of two children, I ask you?

The second patience-tester followed closely on the heels of the first. One evening I was seated at my desk. Bending over my physics, deeply engrossed, I heard a shriek from the supposed direction of heaven. Stamping and yelling, my two little friends danced around the room. "It takes 10 tons of coal to haul a certain train from Washington to Philadelphia. How many foot-tons of energy has been set free if this coal has a heat value of 13,000 B.t.u. per pound?" "13,000 divided by—." The stamping continued. "divided by 2,000 times 778, no. The stamping increased. 'Who cares about energy set free', I snarled to myself. I'd like to expend a little energy, myself, on those two children. In a particular spot, too. "13000 times 778 divided by— Nuts, it wouldn't work. Fiercely I crumpled up my paper and, with deadly calmness, selected a sharper pencil and a fresh sheet from my notebook. The stamping and shouting were awful. The two little demons sounded as if they were in their death throes. By this time I was in a white heat, grinding my teeth and staring wildly in front of me. I filled my lungs with air. I howled with all the power I could muster, "SHUT UP". The noise stopped. It has not been repeated. Emily Post must, after all, be wrong.

BETTY GILLESPIE, '39.

## MEMORIES

It was daybreak of an icy morning in the Connecticut hills. I opened one eye sleepily and became abruptly conscious of the scene outside the window. The next instant I had leapt out of bed, and, with a quick glance at the snow all over my floor and the swirling eddying particles of ice outside, rushed into my sister Sally's room. After I had pulled her head from under an inch or so of snow, we both, shivering in our nightgowns, hung out of the windows in wild excitement. This was a blizzard! I cannot tell you just how we knew it was a blizzard, since we had never before experienced one, but the whole landscape and the hum in the air was reminiscent of earlier childhood stories and of accounts from the natives of the winter of '88. Finally the icy chill brought us to our senses, and we pulled down the windows and rushed to knock at the doors of the rest of the family, unconscious of the blissful excitement awaiting them outside. You can imagine how our elation grew as we discovered that there was no heat in the house, no light, no telephone and no electricity in the electric stove for breakfast.

Later we sat before a great crackling fire, cozy and safe from the storm of white misty clouds that were tumbling from the sky, with no toaster for toast, no boiler for breakfast foods. Into the glowing embers under the blazing logs we put a tin of baked beans. When this was ready we sat about the fire and ate them with charred bits of bread for toast and, for the elders, a cup of coffee that had miraculously survived a precarious balancing on the bumpy hearth and that seemed to bring them the same joyful pleasure of a picnic in the summer woods. We could think of nothing but the fun of this novel experience. No school! Plenty of snow for all kinds of Arctic exp'oration!

The next step was the thrill of digging a path through the drifts, some of which were six feet high, for, tucked away on the top of our hill, we were completely cut off from civilization. The family formed a shovel brigade and dug, from before noon until about four o'clock. We must have been an odd-looking lot with our improvised costumes. The clashing colors of our bright wool clothes—orange scarves against scarlet skirts, every shade of green exhibited in the various coats and heavy sweaters, furpieces donned at all angles for comfort's sake rather than beauty's, and, more vivid than all, mother's violent purple muffler—this conglomeration would have been an artist's nightmare. By the time we had reached the main road, growing and exhausted, we found ourselves faced with an unexpected and formidable sea of gleaming whiteness that was quite impassable. This was rather a discouraging



discovery but, not daunted, Father and Sally put on snowshoes and set off for the tiny store "up at the corner". From a usual fifteen-minute walk they returned in about two hours. By this time the snow had completely stopped, and cold, still darkness was upon us. We went to bed that night in rooms that were like iceboxes. The glittering crystals on the window, the frozen water in the flat dish on the table, and the white clouds in the room made by our breath painted a winter landscape with snow flurries, even in the house. However, with heavy blankets and fluffy comforters piled over us, we were blissfully warm and, unaware of the frigid air, we went to sleep.

The next picture is one of the happiest of all my memories, a single composite memory of all the recollections of the summer when I was five years old.

A large old-fashioned Maryland house with spacious, yet cozy, rooms. Acres of woods and fields waiting to be explored. Vegetable and flower gardens, and beautiful shady trees so welcome on the hot days. The ancient and authentic Civil War cabin, where so many rainy days were spent. The little brook, bubbling merrily through the meadow, where we would fish with strings and bent pins but never catch anything. The cow, who was so gentle, but of whom I was always secretly terrified, and the little calf, who grew perceptibly everyday. The kittens secreted in the top of the barn in a nest of soft hay. The farm implements behind the barn, where one could be a farmer for hours on end by sitting on a great rusty steel monster and wiggling levers back and forth. The high haystacks to clamber up and then come sliding swiftly down. The dairy farm next door, where at four o'clock on an afternoon you could have a cup of cold glistening milk, fresh from the cooler. Running barefoot through the early morning dew to get the mail. Picking cherries and wild berries and eating twice as many as you put in your baskets. All these things seem as real to me now as they did then.

Memories are, after all, the most companionable of friends.

KAY LAWSON, '40

## IF I WERE DICTATOR

Today it is very much in vogue to tell people how to live. Books by psychologists flood the market, the government issues pamphlets, dictators issue command, fashion decrees what we shall wear, advertisements decree what we shall eat; librarians and bookreviewers tell us what we shall read. Why, even the soda jerks no longer ask, "Do you wish some dessert?" but rather say, "How about our favorite fudge sundae?" If I were dictator I would dictate music.

As a dictator I could, of course, use music for ulterior reasons, to create desired emotions. That music can do this is proved in many ways. For instance, if you have never seen Johnny marching to the rhythm of drum and brass, all the patriotism in him beating time to the blaring tune, at least you have felt something in your throat when your band marches up the football field, blowing hard for dear old alma mater. Music has its place also in inspiring the gentler emotions. Do you remember how Becky Sharpe, in *Vanity Fair*, struck the final blow at Jos by singing a very melancholy song as though her heart would break? And in the days of the silent movie, would the hero have been as dashing, his rescue of *Golden Hair* as thrilling, without the *Ad a of Rome is Burning*, or *Bicycle Race*, played on the old piano by the ticket seller.

But I am dictating music only for its power to make people happy. And it does make them happy. Otherwise, why do girls insist upon playing chop-sticks at every opportunity, no matter how many times they have played it before. How else would you explain popular music? Why are there so many folksongs?

And people certainly do love to make music! Did you ever hear a high school, or even grammar school orchestra? They're good! And surprisingly, these orchestras are largely made-up of boys and girls who never had training, who, you might suppose, would have no ear for music and no interest. No ear for music? Not interested? Just watch their enthusiasm after a few months! And as for training they eat it up. No need to ask them to practice. Rather, they are apt to make nuisances of themselves hanging around the music room when they probably should be in study-hall. Tuning starts early in the morning, and the oboe can be heard sounding A at regular intervals

all through the day. Pupils often arrive at a class after orchestra practice a trifle late for after all you just can't walk away leaving Mr. Tschakowsky in the middle of the Fourth Symphony!

The science of writing and speaking is taught in the schools, because the more we express ourselves—that is, the more we show other people what we feel and think—the more we do feel and think, and the more fun we have in feeling and thinking. But I would teach children to read notes as they learn to read their language, and give them an instrument with their first pencil. Perhaps when I am a dictator, I shall

CAROL COE, '40.

## SPRING

A little girl straddled a long, low willow limb overhanging the lagoon. Sometimes she looked at the pale green leaves, or at her older sister, who was sitting on a lower branch precariously near the muddy water; or still further down the bank, where her mother, wearing a flowery purple hat, traced designs in the sandy ground with a knobby stick.

"Look", the little girl shouted and almost lost her balance as she watched a mother duck leading her brood into the thin foliage of one of the nearby islands.

She almost lost it again when a beady-eyed squirrel brushed her with his tail.

"Come, let's go." The mother threw away her stick.

But the children continued to sit like owls.

"Did you hear me?" The mother held up their coats.

They moved slightly in the warm sunshine.

"Come, we'll get something cool to drink."

With a thud the children landed beside her on the sandy bank.

SALLY MITCHELL, '41.

## HER MAN

Zella came down the path, her fat black body swaying from side to side. Her pudgy hand held the newly sharpened razor in the pocket of her blue and white checked gingham dress. When she reached the whitewashed back fence, she stopped. Peering over into the next yard, her black eyes snapping, she found her prey.

"Woman! you come heah."

Turning suddenly, a tall, thin negress regarded her with sullen eyes. She approached the fence slowly, her head bent and her hair bushy about her face. When she reached the fence, she looked up, and stared at the other woman quietly.

Zella glared at her, "My man, he was not at home last night. Neither was you."

The negress shook her head silently.

Zella continued, "Woman, you was out with my man."

The negress nodded her head briefly.

Zella drew from her pocket the razor. As the sun struck it, it threw its light into the other negress' face. She stared at Zella with frightened eyes. Zella first looked at her and then at the razor. The negress gave one long wail and tore back to her kitchen. Zella watched her with triumphant eyes, turned and walked back up the path.

SALLY MITCHELL, '41.

## THE BITTER TRUTH REVEALED IN SNATCHES

Thursday 6:30 P. M. Mr. Dunsworthy emerged from his club, humming a tune from "Carmen". He turned and walked briskly down Michigan Avenue. His neat and precise English evening clothes fitted him to the most minute detail, and his clean shaven face was long and British. Perhaps he was getting rather stout around the waist, perhaps he did have a bald spot, quite a big bald spot; but no one



would ever notice these with his well fitted clothes and toupee. The fact remains that Mr. Dunsworthy considered himself a young and attractive man. So he whistled and hummed as he continued on his way toward the house of Martha, his modern American Heartthrob. He bustled up the steps and rang the bell. While he stood adjusting his tie he thought what an attractive sight he would be when the door opened. But the bitter truth catches up with us all, and so it was to be in the case of Mr. Dunsworthy. The door burst open, Mr. Dunsworthy's jaw dropped. There stood Martha in a skirt and sweater, sport shoes, and a sport hat.

"Oh!—Er if I came too early, I mean ah-er. Go ahead and get dressed!", stammered Mr. Dunsworthy.

"Get dressed?" exclaimed Martha. "I'm all ready. Come on, we're going to Joe's Jitterbug Dance Contest. And they ad—"

9:30 P. M. An hour and a half later Mr. Dunsworthy gasped and panted as he Suzy-Qued around the dance floor. His feet hurt, his head ached, and his neck was all raw from peckin'. Now let's go to Riverview.", said Martha

"What now? Er-a that's a jolly good idea", agreed Mr. Dunsworthy, wiping his steaming face with a very battered and torn handkerchief. His stuffed shirt was white, his tails hung in a tired tash on. But think of going home? Not Mr. Dunsworthy! He was young, and he could do whatever young people did. He loved Martha and he could keep up with her.

11:00 P. M. Same night. Mr. Dunsworthy careened around the "whirling turns" at Riverview, his face an odd shade of green, his hands weakly clutching the sides of the car. The torture chamber finally stopped, and Mr. Dunsworthy, heaving a sigh of relief, was just staggering out of it when Martha said, "Oh let's go again, Cuddles. I love it."

"Oh, Oh, certainly, I'd be charmed, but please don't call me Cuddles. My name's Percival", gasped Mr. Dunsworthy thinking all the time, "My stomach my head."

Friday. 1:00 A. M. Mr. Dunsworthy crawled out of the twisted wreck that had once been a car, and looked weakly around for Martha. There she was in the glare of the crippled headlights, sitting on a fence and calmly smoking a cigarette.

"Oh Cu-er, Per-, Mr. Dunsworthy, I thought you were dead. I'm so glad to see you. Heavens! Your hair is all gone.", exclaimed Martha.

11:00 A. M. Visiting hours at County Hospital for the Weak and Wounded. Mr. Dunsworthy peered at his friend from the mass of bandages around his head.

"And so", he continued, "I discovered that cruel, young little Martha was too much for me. Er-well, maybe, I was too old for her. At any rate I found the bitter truth but I lost my toupee."

ADA BLANCHE WRIGLEY, '41.

Estate of Maximovky  
County of Borosna  
State of Chirnegev  
Monday, April 10, 1916

Dearest Greateunt,

This is the first letter I have written since my return from St. Petersburg two days ago. It has been so lonely here; father goes from estate to estate inspecting crops, paying the peasants their wages, and is at home only on Sundays, when even then he spends the morning attending to the estate. Sunday I sat in his office and watched him giving out wages. Heavens, what a mass of people he employs! The dawn was spotted with them, at least three hundred peasants and so many clerks. Father had been up since dawn, and he did not finish till after midday. Then we all had tea on the verandah, and mother and father made me tell about everything I did in St. Petersburg and what Professor Wilhelm thinks of my progress in music.

He seems to approve of me, but insists that I do not play the Russian School till I have had more thorough experience with Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart. I am fond of Bach, but Beethoven and Mozart do not suit my temperament. I think Herr Wilhelm is a burly fellow, and goes about in the cold and snow hatless, with only a short jacket and woolen shawl to protect him from the weather.

Oh, I do have a surprise for you! Do you remember how our former watchmen used to fall asleep on duty at night? That will not happen any more, for father has imported a chief watchman from Siberia—and such a watchman! His name is Vassily, and he is at least seven feet tall, with a broad, red face, heavy blond moustaches and shaggy yellow hair which he keeps very neat under a tall turban. I discovered that when he was young, his master had flogged him for no apparent reason, and Vassily, blind with rage, had strangled him to death. The government sent him to Siberia for thirty years. The stories he tells of his experiences there are hair-raising. I have listened to his recitals in the kitchen. The poor creature is flattered by the interest of the "young barishna". Mother cannot understand why father would erect a murderer as chief watchman of the estate, but he explains to her that Vassily is on his honor. He is devoted to us, as we were the only family willing to employ him, and it is really quite reassuring to wake in the night and hear his hourly "rattle-rattle" with the little black clapper he carries with him. When the other watchmen hear him, they must answer to show they are awake. Vassily's only fault is his terrible temper, which is at its height when he has drunk too much vodka. Everyone in the village is terribly afraid of him; none will dare look into his face, as he is sensitive about his sojourn in Siberia. But, my precious aunt, when I bade him good-morning, today, I looked straight at him\*. Now I know his eyes are blue, so I can better describe him to you.

\* Please write me very soon and tell me all about yourself and what has been happening at Kousoffky during my absence.

Lovingly yours,  
ANUTA

Estate of Kousoffky  
County of Borosna  
State of Chirnegev  
April 21st, 1916

My Dearest Anuta

I am so happy that you are with us again. As soon as possible, I shall see you, my favorite grandniece. And you may commend your father in his choice of watchmen, I am sure Vassily is very efficient. You looked him straight in the eye, did you? Ah, my precocious child, it would be like you to do that.

In your letter I detected undertones of discontent. Do not allow this, occupy yourself. I hope you do not find the life of a barishna too dull, my dear. When I was your age, my parents, also were very busy. You are gravely mistaken if you believe the life of a landowner is just a round of parties, balls, and rides on horseback through our delightful country. If there is no book on the shelves that has not been read over too many times, go for a walk in the lanes and pastures. And you may have Minsk, our little Mongolian horse that you were always so fond of. With these and your music, you can keep busy, I'm sure.

How is that charming lady's maid of yours? Has she broken any more hearts yet?

Send me another of your interesting letters, for they are eagerly anticipated and always joyfully received.

Your loving aunt,  
MYRA

"Maximovky"  
Borosna  
Chirnegev  
April 30, 1916

Dearest Great-aunt,

I do feel, as you have discovered, discontent. But do not think it is my life that bores me. I should be selfish to think only of myself. I have seen such misery around me among the peasants, that I find it difficult to conceal my feelings of distress and sympathy. It is my wish to serve them, to enlighten them. They are human beings and are undeserving of the outrageous treatment they receive at the hands of the government officials.

I had planned to go to Kiev for some new French hats and a ballgown, but the squallor, the dumb acceptance of those poor people have killed all such thoughts of self. For too many years these things have existed; it is for us, the new generation of educated landowners, to share our wealth that the oppressed may have better opportunity for learning and free thinking.

I realize that mine is an ancient and illustrious name, and perhaps my family does not approve. I do not blame them. They think I am turning Socialist. That is not true. All I desire is to see justice done. Unfortunately, there are no organizations save the Socialists that feel this strongly. I am torn between ancestry and the cry of Russian soil, the blind groping of the hands that tiled it. Yet I feel a strange peace, as though there were before me a great and noble purpose. Could—but fulfill it, my happiness would be manifold.

Do not cease to be my friend. I shall involve no one but myself.

Fondly,  
ANUTA

Anna Slenskaya  
26 Brabova Ave  
Kiev  
June 7, 1916

My dearest Great-aunt,

I have at last joined a group of young aristocrats who sympathize with the cause. Believe me, it was in desperation and bewilderment that I resorted to this. I could not go on dreaming and planning—my idleness made me very unhappy. Mother and Father are quite sad, but have forgiven me, saying that the times change and people must change with them. I have assumed a name other than my own and am now staying with one of my new colleagues in Kiev, the young sister of my maid Tatiana, who has, by the way, become engaged to Vassily. Strange that this should occur to me now. I am glad for them both. They will be happy. I have burned my bridges behind me and am unafraid, save for the apprehension that you will no longer be my friend, and that I could not bear. I would rather die than hurt those near to me, believe it.

It would be best to destroy whatever former correspondence you have received from me that contains any hint of what I am doing now, and if you possibly can, let me know of any events in or about the village near you, especially if government spies are becoming inquisitive.

Now, good-by, I do not know whether I shall be able to write you for a long time, so be patient and remember kindly.

Your affectionate  
ANUTA

"Kousoffy"  
Borosna  
Chirnegev  
July 10, 1916

Dearest Anuta,  
I am your friend.

Your letters to me have been burned—those containing allusions to your work.

I shall not expect more letters from you until you feel it safe to write.

But do take care.

Your pseudonym and address are safe with me. At your request, I shall inform you from time to time as much as I know of the Czar's plans. He does not like the peasants nor those who help them.

Lovingly,  
your great aunt  
M. RA



August 11  
Kousoffky,  
County of Borosna,  
State of Chirnegev.

Anuta

Hasten away! Soldiers of the Czar are in the village and are keeping close watch on our estate.

You are known; you must escape.

MYRA

Hotel Marin  
Lausanne, Switzerland  
September 12, 1916

Dear Greateunt,

I hope you have not worried about me. I sent Paul B. to you in the guise of a hungry peasant to say that I am safe.

My activities had been successful, and I was unknown, when, somehow, twelve of our members were discovered and executed. In the middle of the night, Paul B. pounded on my door and shouted, "Escape! We are known." Dressed as a hunchbacked old peasant woman, I drove a cart piled high with hay to Nezhin, where I was to seek the hut of Uncle Peter. His wife would hide me. I rode all night at a snail's pace, and just as white streaks began to appear in the sky I saw a hut, then another, and gradually the town came into sight as the light increased. My relief was indescribable. But so was my fright, for I encountered a drunken peasant and asked the way to Uncle Peter's. Fortunately his wits appeared quite befuddled, and after informing me, he dropped onto a doorstep and went to sleep. I later learned from Uncle Peter's wife that he was one of us, and had been stationed there to watch for me. I remained with Uncle Peter a month and was then smuggled over the border into Switzerland.

So ends the tale. I shall leave for America as soon as possible. I am eager for peace.

Your loving  
ANUTA

GLORIA MINCHIN  
DEBORAH ABRAHMSON  
'42

## GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

From somewhere in the room comes a familiar buzzing sound. Turning over almost silently and cautiously opening one eye, I ask myself if it could possibly be the alarm clock. My conscience at once assures me that it is, and almost as quickly my bad self assures me that my conscience is wrong. Preferring to believe my bad self, I turn over and settle down under the covers for a long sleep. Just as I begin to fall into that pleasant state, my sense of righteousness bears down upon me. Once more, and I hope for the last time, I turn over, and look blankly at the clock. Again it jangles. I throw back the cover abruptly and sit up in bed, hesitate for just a moment, looking over what at the time seems a great length of rug. In that moment I begin to freeze, so getting quickly to my feet, I make a dash for the radiator. Leaning against this comfortable place, I reach out my hand and grope for the window. Finding it, I close it with a bang. Since I can close the window and keep warm at the same time, I see no reason, except that it is a little farther than the window, why I can't turn off the alarm and keep warm too. I stretch out a hand. It doesn't quite reach but after making several attempts, I do reach the button and silence the buzzer.

Surprisingly, after all this exercise, I am still sleepy, and so, when I pass my bed on the way to the bathroom, I look at it longingly, climb back in, and pull the covers over my head.

NANCY KOCHS, Class Eight.

## AN HOUR WITH A HORSE

I most certainly shall never forget that eventful moment when I was introduced to a horse for the first time in my life, and had the experience of my first riding lesson. I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday. I happened to be up at camp, and as I walked into the stables, it seemed as if every horse was eyeing me distrustfully, and was saying to himself, "Huh! Here comes an amateur." All of the horses sensed that I was afraid, for they looked at me with an expression of contempt.

However, when I reached the riding teacher, she tried to console me, and explained at great length how to get on and off a horse. As I proceeded to throw one leg over the horse, which seemed a mile or two from the nice, soft ground, he turned around, looked at me, pinned both of his ears back flat against his head, and showed his teeth. I smiled at him in a reassuring way, but it did not seem to have much effect. Well, anyway, I managed to get on the beast, and, by degrees, I found out how to manipulate the reins.

But this was just the beginning! When we began to trot, I had an extremely queer sensation come over me. Whenever the horse came up, I went down on the saddle with a thud, and then it would begin all over again. Bump, Bump . . .

After a long hour, I succeeded in dismounting, my brain in a whirl and my legs very weak. When I sat down, I found it almost impossible to get up again, I was so stiff. Even that night, as I lay in bed, I could still feel the motion of the horse.

Bump, Bump, Bump . . . . .

LAURA LANE, Class Seven

## CHRISTOPHERS TOAST

Little Christopher loves his toast  
He holds it in the air,  
And then he throws it all about;  
He really doesn't care

He feeds it to his elephant,  
He feeds it to his horse;  
And then he feeds his little self  
And swallows it, of course.

MARY SUSAN SNYDER  
Class Five

## MY SISTER

Tony is my little sister  
She's very, very cute  
Sometimes she makes a lot of noise  
Playing on her flute  
She sometimes is so funny  
And she says such silly things  
She's got a little bunny  
And a parrot with real wings

PAULA PAEPCKE,  
Class Five

## MOTHER WAS RIGHT

I am a little turkey, and my mother calls me Bill. Some people think that dieting is harmful, but I will tell you how it once saved my life.

It was getting near Thanksgiving, and I was wondering why my brother had stopped eating. One day my mother said, "Bill, you had better stop eating if you don't want to be killed."

"Why", I asked.

"Oh!" mother said, "I thought you knew. Your brother knows. See how thin he is!"

"But why has that anything to do with my being killed?"

"Well," said mother, "every Thanksgiving men come into the yard and take the fattest turkeys and send them to the city, where they are killed for Thanksgiving. Now you had better stop eating."

"Oh", I said, "they won't kill me", and I walked away. So I kept on eating till I got so fat all I could do was to wobble and gobble.

Then about a week before Thanksgiving some men came into the yard. They went into the pen where we turkeys were and began picking us over. They put mother and brother, who by this time were quite thin, into a corner with some other thin turkeys, but they put me into a pen with the fat ones. Then I began to think about what mother had said, and I realized she was right. Then and there I started on a diet. After several days two men came into our yard to put us in crates to send

us to the city. When one of the men caught me, I was so thin that he called to the other man, "Hey, Tom, how did this here turkey get in this here pen? He's too thin to eat this year." Therefore, my dear, I found myself in the yard with mother and the rest of my family. You may like Thanksgiving but to me it is just a pain in the neck.

BETTY KENNARD, Class Six

## A QUAKER MEETING

Prudence sat straight and still on one of the narrow, high-backed pews of the little frame Meeting House. No sound could be heard except an occasional rustle of skirts as a devout woman went down on her knees. Prudence looked up a minute from under the brim of her gray bonnet and caught a friend's eye, but her mother nudged her sternly and she bowed her head again. On her left side sat all the men and boys in their wise, white collars and tall, silver buckled hats. Some little boys had feet in their stockings and to be able to see out of the painted over window. The lack of decoration on the bare wall. Prudence looked down at her shoes. How shabby they were! She wondered when her mother would get her a new pair. Her dress was worn, too, even if it was her Sunday one. How would she could have a silk one like the one her best friend Phoebe had. And how would she have a white one like the ones too. Suddenly she stopped her thoughts with a jerk. What right to be thinking of on the Sabbath and in the Meeting House! She tried to remember the verse she had learned from the Bible that a man's fatherly was good to sleep and the uncushioned pew was greatly uncomfortable. She turned her head a very little and looked at her mother, who was sitting very still, with her work-worn hands lying motionless in her lap. It was strange to see her mother's hands in this Meeting House was the only time Prudence ever remembered being seen there so. And her mother's face was so quiet and peaceful as she prayed to herself, so different from the way it usually was at home. Prudence turned her head. There and gazed down the row of pews. The meeting. Everyone was praying except herself she thought and perhaps Phoebe and the other little children down in the front row. With difficulty she restrained a yawn.

Suddenly the bell clanged, shattering the stillness. Prudence jumped and stood up quickly. It seemed after that everyone fled out so slowly. When she reached the door she breathed in deeply the cold air and then ran out on the snow.

MARY McDOUGAL, Class Eight.

## DREAMS

When midnight mists come creeping  
And all the world is sleeping  
Around me tread the mighty dead  
And slowly pass away.

Lo, warriors, saints, and sages  
From out the vanished ages  
With solemn pace and reverend face  
Appear and pass away

I watch them in my dreaming;  
With steps my brain is teeming  
Nor from my heart will they depart  
Till I shall pass away

SALLY ANNE RYAN,  
Class Seven

## THE FLOOD

The Flood swept over Marathon's  
plain;  
Marathon, a high, mountainous land  
it was mad wild water and a dark  
rain,  
That stretched like a mighty hand.  
In this dark, mad water was pain,  
Pain for Athene's fair land  
Till, from Plataea a small thunder  
bolt came,  
To help Athene push back this hand  
Then turned the mad water and dark  
rain  
Turned from the mountainous land.  
The dark jeweled water became a  
stain,  
On the white Aegean Sand  
KITTY McLENNAN,  
Class Seven

# ADVERTISEMENTS

**ELLA-PEHL  
BEAUTY SALON**

IF YOUR HAIR IS NOT  
BECOMING TO YOU,  
YOU SHOULD BE  
COMING TO US!!!

Room 208      936 N. Michigan Ave.  
Phone  
Sup. 9437 --Del. 3694

"Say It With Flowers"

**C. H. BOOKEDIS**

The Michigan Boulevard Florist

944 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO  
Opposite Drake Hotel  
St. P. 1789

**ROBERT G. REGAN CO.**

**BUILDING CONSTRUCTION**

CHICAGO

**JOHN F. CARNEGIE,  
INC.**

**CHEMISTS**

Est. 1888

O. LISEC, R PH.

116 E. Oak St.      Sup. 3046  
CHICAGO



COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
A  
FRIEND

## JEWELS FOR GRADUATES

Brooches in solid gold.  
Smart-looking and distinctive pieces

Also a large assortment of gold jewelry of all descriptions

85 Years of Quality Service

**JUERGENS  
and  
ANDERSEN**

55 E. Washington St.  
CHICAGO



Shampoo and Finger Wave 75c in our Budget Shop

Special \$10.00 Eugenie

Permanent Wave for \$7.50 during the month of May

*Charlotte Miller*

104 EAST WALTON STREET

DELAWARE 1922

Open Evenings by Appointment!

## **Chez Nous, Inc.**

122 E. Delaware Place

**JANE  
ENGEL  
DRESSES**

Sizes 12 - 20

**P R I C E S  
\$7.95 - \$39.95**

## ***Mangel Florist***

21 E. Monroe Street

**BLACKSTONE HOTEL**

**DRAKE HOTEL**

Gen. 8732

**For Books  
on Any Subject  
Call RANDolph 5520**

**Visit 206 N. Michigan Ave.  
or write KROCH'S BOOKSTORES**

**Books on All Subjects  
Social Stationery      Fine Engraving  
Fountain Pens  
Greeting Cards for All Occasions  
Pictures, Prints and Picture Framing  
Games for Adults  
Toys and Games for Children  
Rental Library  
American and Foreign Magazines  
Books in All Languages  
Bookbinding and Library Preservation  
Service**

**Kroch's Bookstores, Ind.  
206 N. Michigan Ave.  
Phone RANDolph 5520**

## **Upton Salons**

**Face Treatments  
Hairdressing**

**952 North Michigan Avenue  
Oak Street Entrance  
Chicago**

**For Appointment Call  
Delaware 2978-9**

Avail yourself of  
our services for  
your special  
occasions

## JEGEN FLORIST

1149 N. State St. at Elm  
Phone Superior 8146

Chicago's  
Finest  
Floral  
Work!



THE HOME  
OF EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES  
FOR THE MISS AND MRS.  
At Sensible Prices

## ETHEL DOLL SHOP

112 E. Oak St.

## O'DONNELL'S

1051 Rush Street Superior 0760

Food Purveyors to  
The Gold Coast for  
Two Generations

COMPLIMENTS OF  
SOLOMON DRUGS, INC.

Since 1912  
State, Rush, and Cedar Streets  
CHICAGO



*Martha Weathered* • CHICAGO

*Discriminating  
Simplicity . . .*

is the soul-satisfying chic found in luxurious fabrics  
... in artfully executed details ... in the beauty of  
an expertly fitted gown ... and in the exquisite  
apparel that bears the *Martha Weathered* label.

*Dresses • Suits • Wraps  
Sportswear • Furs • Millinery*

**MARTHA WEATHERED SHOP**  
IN THE DRAKE HOTEL

**WEATHERED MISSES SHOP**  
950 N. MICHIGAN, AT OAK

# Vera Thomas Beauty Shop

ARTISTIC HAIR STYLING

Open Tuesday, Thursday,  
and Friday Evenings

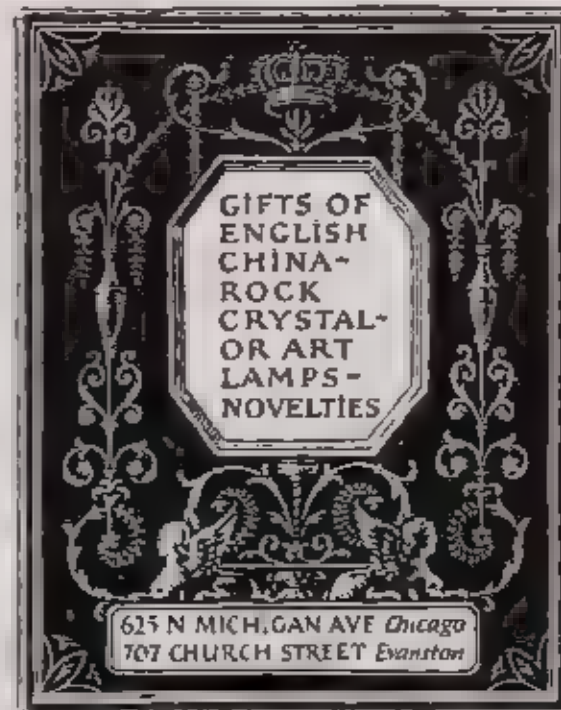
102 East Oak Street Whi. 5115

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

ESTABLISHED 1902  
**MORGAN**  
STORES  
FANCY GROCERIES and MEATS  
FOUR OTHER STORES

Air Conditioned and Floating Air  
Refrigeration

Our Delivery Passes Your Door  
3 Times Daily



**TATMAN**



*Joseph* hairdresser  
936 North Michigan Ave.  
Suite 307  
Superior 6551

---

## Koehne Studios, Inc.

17 NORTH STATE STREET  
STEVENS BLDG



Official Photographer  
for

THE GIRLS' LATIN SCHOOL  
AND  
1939 VITA SCHOLAE

## GODAIR'S Rental Library Service

You can always depend upon  
Godair's to have a plentiful  
supply of all popular titles in  
both fiction and non-fiction

Near North Side Delivery  
Service for

BOOKS GAMES MAGAZINES  
CIGARS ICE CREAM  
BEVERAGES

Telephone Delaware 8408

---

## Paul Blome & Company

ARTHUR BLOME, President

*Flowers*



1361 North Clark Street

Telephone Superior 1400

## Olympia Market

Finer

GROCERIES—FRESH MEATS  
POULTRY — SEA FOODS

DINNER PARTIES  
A SPECIALTY

Phones:  
Superior 0408-0409  
Delaware 3794

## Hme. Andre

REMODELING

ALTERATIONS

CUSTOM MADE

FINEST WORKMANSHIP

PERFECT FITTINGS

MODERATELY PRICED

664 North Michigan Avenue  
SUITE 310 SUP. 4884

COMPLIMENTS OF  
A FRIEND



## A. J. BONFIG

CHOICE MEATS  
HIGH GRADE GROCERIES

WINES — BEERS — LIQUERS

SEA FOODS

1159 N. State St.      Sup. 3363-3364  
CHICAGO



## *Gold Charms*

*\$150 upward*

*gold charm bracelets*

*\$3 upward*

### **SPAULDING-GORHAM**

**IN THE DRAKE HOTEL  
CHICAGO**

## C. E. NIEHOFF & CO.

230 W. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Automotive Parts*

## Fanestock & Co.

●  
Members  
New York Stock Exchange

●  
FIELD BLDG.                      C'EN. 2744  
CHICAGO

---

ERNST  
WIENHOEBER CO.

914 N. Michigan Ave  
  
Chicago



## Powell Debutante Shop

706 N. Michigan Avenue

■  
  
Smart  
Fashions  
For  
Junior  
Figures

## J. DON KEARINS

FLORIST

M. NIELSON, Prop

Board of Trade Bldg.  
141 W. Jackson Blvd  
Tel. Harrison 1000

American National Bank Bldg.  
33 N. La Salle Street  
Tel. Franklin 0123

YOU MAY CALL EITHER STORE

## *Marc Gartman*

•  
BEAUTY SALON  
•

646 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE  
SECOND FLOOR  
DCL 3120-3121

# Ambassador Garage

1131 North Clark Street

MODERN  
FIREPROOF  
NO RAMPS

C. WALLACE JOHNSON  
Owner

CARL FOSBURG  
Manager

# BLUMS - VOGUE

630 North Michigan Avenue

●

Little Vogue Shop Makes a Specialty of  
Sophisticated Fashions for Junior Figures  
and they are Priced for Juniors' Pocketbooks.

●

## BLUMS - NORTH

Michigan at Walton

BLUMS - EVANSTON  
709 Church St.

BLUMS - LAKE FOREST  
273 DEERPATH AVE.



COMPLIMENTS OF  
**RAE-MAR, INC.**

646 N. MICHIGAN AVE.

SUP. 4537

---

The Most Appropriate  
The Most Appreciated

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH  
by

*DuBois*  
The Drake

Whitehall 6900  
Studio M15

*Zephyrcord*



*Luggage* 77th Year

Latest Streamlined Creations by

**CHAS. T. WILT CO.**

185 W. Madison St., (opposite LaSalle Hotel)  
226 So. Michigan Avenue, (at Orchestra Hall)



"Makers of Quality Screen Cloth  
Since 1894"

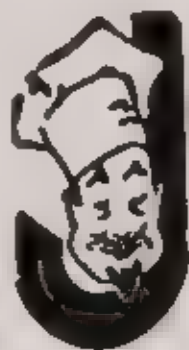
REYNOLDS WIRE  
COMPANY

DIXON, ILLINOIS

*Carter*

*Flowers*

633 North Michigan Avenue  
Telephone Superior 3414



**JACQUES**  
*French Restaurant*

900 North  
Michigan

SERVING TASTY FRENCH  
FOOD.

DINE IN OUR OPEN AIR  
PATIO.

Luncheon.....85 and \$1.25

Dinner                 \$1.75 and \$2.00

Del. 0904

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
**HELEN-ELLEN  
HAT SHOP**

700 N. Michigan Ave.  
Del. 5296

**If you lack confidence**

If you dance without confidence, perhaps you need a few lessons at Arthur Murray's. Here talented teachers will make your dancing correct, smart, interesting, a real joy to your partners! Learning is easy. Such fun, too. And lessons costs so little. Why not drop in for a half-hour lesson today just to see how quickly you'll gain confidence? Make your dancing a social asset! Studios are open until 10 p.m. daily for visitors.



**ARTHUR MURRAY  
DRAKE HOTEL, CHICAGO**

Original Designs in Footwear  
Destined for Distinctive Women

**JOSEPH SALON SHOES**



EVANSTON                      OAK PARK  
SOUTH SHORE              NORTH MICHIGAN

**VALENTINO &  
JOSEPHINE  
HAIRDRESSERS**

936 N. MICHIGAN AVE.  
CHICAGO

St. P. 9437

DRESSES - SUITS - COATS

FOR

EVERY OCCASION

INCLUDING SPORTS AND

BEACH WEAR

**Millie B. Oppenheimer**

INC.

1300 N. State St.

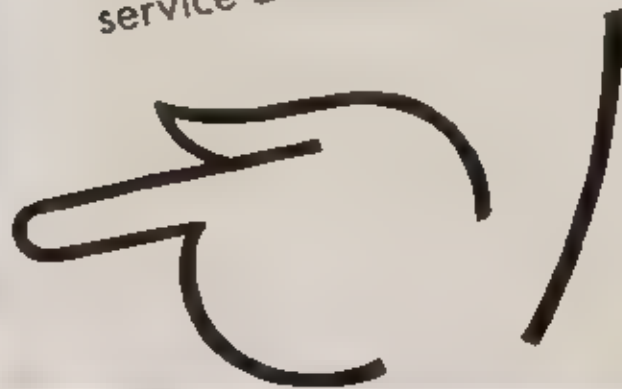
AMBASSADOR HOTEL WEST





Enjoy Good Food....  
Excellent Service.....  
Pleasant Atmosphere  
AT THE  
WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT

It's a delightful experience to dine here...so much so that many smart Chicagoans regularly meet their friends here. Make a date for luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner or supper; discover why Wrigley Building Restaurant food, service and atmosphere have grown famous.



**WRIGLEY BUILDING  
RESTAURANT**









